

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

MAJOR GEORGE T. DENISON, JR., recently sent in his resignation from the Governor-General's Body Guard, and by his studious silence when asked to give his reasons for resigning is giving Lord Dundonald some very obvious points on military etiquette. For many years the G.B.G. was officered, controlled and made the excellent body of cavalry it is by the Denison family. Fortunately the Denisons were more military than political in their inclinations and the family enthusiasm was a good thing. The attempt to make the 13th Scottish Light Dragoons a preserve for the Baker family, whose instincts are political rather than military, was one of the causes of the row between Dundonald and the Ottawa Government. If the plan had been permitted to work out it would not have been a good thing for the Light Dragoons, and it would have been a bad thing for the Government. The point, however, is that Lord Dundonald permitted himself to be used by a few shrewd politicians, appears to have blown his whistle before he was ready to stop, has made trouble for himself and the Canadian Government, and caused anxiety to the friends of the Empire lest the friendly feeling between Canada and Great Britain may be chilled by his rash conduct. His insubordinate example may not have been the cause of Colonel Gregory's resignation or may have nothing to do with Major Denison's retirement, but it was sufficiently glaring to unsettle the discipline of the whole Canadian militia. Of discipline we have little enough in this country, and it is evident that it has not been improved by "me lad" getting on his high horse and prancing about as a persecuted hero. The comments of the British newspapers are much less complimentary than what Opposition journals are saying about him here. If he had acted as he did in Great Britain while on active service he would have probably been cashiered. The people of this country are perhaps unaware that he has shown his contempt for Canadians by doing in this country what he would not have thought of attempting on his native heath. He has been convinced that all Canada is with him, but he is mistaken. This country does not want a military power to be established within and independent of the civil government. In the South American republics the general of the forces heads nearly every revolution, unless he himself is the President or able to dictate to the man who occupies the office. We want nothing of that in Canada, and when the people who are now shouting for him come back to their sober senses they will see half a dozen different ways in which Lord Dundonald or someone else could have brought about all the military reforms that are necessary without unsettling the discipline of the militia, having a row with the Government, and putting the Dominion in a cheap and false light before the world in its relations with the Imperial authorities.

THE demonstration to Lord Dundonald on Friday night of last week, in the beginning was partly machine-made, the manipulators being enthusiastic military men, aided by zealous Conservative workers. In the end it resolved itself into a furious little wave of hero-worship gone mad. We are all hero-worshippers, and it perhaps does us no harm to forget the common and meane things of life in an ebullition of sentiment, even if it is somewhat misdirected. It rather calls on the one who merely reads of the thing and has not been carried off his feet by the wave, to hear that Lord Dundonald read his "scathing rebuke of the Government" from typewritten manuscript, that the horses were taken out of the carriage before the reception in Massey Hall began, and that sturdy hands were at the bellows filling the atmosphere with what turned many thoughtless heads. But there was so much that was genuine and spontaneous that it affords a good lesson to those over-prudent and undramatic people who are often sore because they are never made conspicuous by limelights on life's stage. Recklessness almost always suggests bravery and self-sacrifice, and in the beginning I do not think Lord Dundonald's break was a piece of "carefully calculated recklessness." I still hold that he could have accomplished everything he desired, and more than he has accomplished, and still observed the official etiquette of the dignity of the Canadian Government demands. Both as a government and as individuals the Cabinet Ministers at Ottawa have been taught a good lesson. Both they and their predecessors have been too much in the habit of treating men with high ideals and great personal enthusiasm for reforms, with the same rude cynicism with which they have met "grafters" poor in pocket as well as in brains. Cabinet Ministers, even in the provincial capitals, have been in the habit of being treated as little tin gods and yielding their ear only to men having some scheme to benefit the party or to enrich the campaign fund. Applicants for office have crawled before these Ministers and pestered them for place until rudeness and a bullying manner have become such important parts of the Ministerial demeanor as to be mistaken by some of these crude statesmen and their admirers as signs of dignified greatness. Supporters refusing to crouch have been either bullied or crushed into silence, and it is well that a man of the Dundonald disposition has shown these petty autocrats that they must not reserve their politeness and urbanity for electioneering trips and party banquets.

While there is so much that is regrettable in the Dundonald incident that even the "News" seems to be less than half-proud of having become such a violent partisan, there is also much which will help to clear the political air. Evils and blessings are so often badly mixed that it is probably wise for us to cultivate the philosophy of the curate when he was breaking fast with the bishop, who, noticing that something was wrong said he was afraid the young man had got a bad egg. "Oh, no, your Lordship," replied the curate, "some parts of it are excellent."

One of the "parts of it" which is not excellent in the Dundonald affair seems to be the readiness with which some Canadians accept criticism of their Government from a man of high station, while resenting it, or at least not carefully analyzing it, when made by a plain though patriotic fellow citizen. Tuft-hunting and that phase of hero-worship which too readily and unquestioningly selects a patrician as an object of adulation, is unbeautiful. That the popular heart was moved entirely by the warlike deeds and alleged persecution of Dundonald I do not quite believe. Early last spring when the annual meeting of the subscribers to, and directors of, the Home for Incurables was being held, Colonel Elliott, a man who held her late Majesty's commission before many of us were born, tried to "turn on the searchlight" by asking a question. He had proved an annoyance to the large Board composed of many people of social and philanthropic prominence in this city, having criticized the accounts and management of the Home much as Lord Dundonald criticized the Department of Militia. His criticism had been tactless, violent and persistent, and though they had or should have had reason to know that since his retirement on half-pay—over twenty years ago—he has been a welcome visitor in hospitals, prisons and charities the world over, and sincere in his desire to help the poor and unfortunate, yet his effort to "turn on the searchlight" resulted in the chairman, the Lieutenant-Governor of this province, ordering him to be silent, and when he persisted in asking a reasonable question ordering him to be put out. The pugnacious old colonel hung on to the back of a seat, and was torn loose with difficulty, his hand being severely injured and his thumb turned back in a most painful manner. The incident was reported by the newspapers, some of them seeming to think it rather funny, and none of them, apparently, considering that it had not served the old man right. The Veterans did not take the matter up, there was no invitation for him to state his grievance in Massey Hall, nobody enquired whence he came or seemed to care a continental what became of him. Unless I am misinformed, he has occupied exceedingly important and responsible positions in the Ordnance Department of H.M. Service, means well, and is quite sane, though those who with-

out protest saw him ejected are said to believe that he is "batty." Even if he were not of sound mind it was no way to treat a soldierly, bright and apparently courteous man between seventy and eighty years old, and does not indicate that in Toronto there is such a deep-seated desire for fair play as the Opposition newspapers claim was proved by the Dundonald demonstration.

THE "News" urges that "Mr. Borden's declared position in favor of state ownership of the National Trans-continental Railway" must logically lead him to include the postal service, the telegraph and telephone systems. The "News" thinks now is the time that this should be done, as new telegraph companies will be formed by both the Canadian Northern and G.T. Pacific, making the acquisition of the telegraph lines more difficult in the future. The "News" position is incontrovertible. Those who will take the pains to read the somewhat lengthy article beginning on this page will probably decide that in Ontario the Provincial Government had better establish full state control of the schools before discussing the extension of state ownership in other directions. In view of Mr. Justice MacMahon's recent decision "now" appears to be the time.

ONE of the events of the week has been the exchange of courtesies between the "World" and the "Star." The latter, adopting the role of candid friend, has been telling Mr. W. F. Maclean that he is a notorious self-advertiser, distrusted by everybody, particularly his own political friends, and instead of being the best friend of public ownership has proven its worst enemy in the Dominion Parliament, where nobody is willing to support his two cents a mile scheme or any other of the projects by which he seeks

is reported by the "Telegram" as saying, "I am through with politics forever. I have learned one thing since I have been in prison: 'Laugh and the world laughs with you, moan and you moan alone.' I admit I acted foolishly, and Richardson, for whom I went to prison, never called to see me once." Seldom is it that a man does a wrong thing for another and is even thanked for it. If a man does a wrong or foolish thing for pay and is not beaten out of his pay, he gets something; if he does it out of excess of party zeal or personal friendship he is almost certain to get the marble hand and frozen eye if he ever asks for a reward or looks for gratitude. Occasionally an editor breaks into wail for being neglected "after years of faithful party service." Many editors think they are serving the party well and faithfully if they do all sorts of dirt and write all sorts of lies, and stand all sorts of indignities, to win elections. This sort of thing goes as long as they ask for no pay beyond an occasional Government advertisement, a dollar a year subscription from the Parliamentary libraries in Toronto and Ottawa, and a chance to print the voters' list at a trifling over cost. When they ask to be made postmaster of the town or registrar of the county it becomes evident that they have been doing hack service in hope of a reward, and they are despised. If they keep on doing hack service without asking for a reward and ultimately go to the poorhouse, they are held in contempt for being fools. About the easiest and most profitable way for everybody is to follow the rule which seems to be generally adopted by those who attain success in communities that are puritanical in form but crooked in practice: "Belong to a church and attend it regularly; give nothing for nothing; do everybody that can be done legitimately; shout loud in prayer-meetings and political gatherings; keep the Sabbath and everything else you can get." The simpler and better

of the grafters who subscribed it. No man can be self-respecting or independent in Parliament who accepts the money of those who propose to own him when elected. The "party-owned candidate" is apt to be not satisfied with having one hand in the party fund, but to be burning anxious to have the other hand in the public pocket. It is to this "degenerate breed" the Member of Parliament belongs who is always favoring corporations in an effort to swell the "party fund" and "to get in on the deal" to more directly swell his own fund. There are too many of this breed in Parliament.

WITHOUT being unduly censorious of the Canadian Associated Press cable service, which receives a subsidy of \$15,000 a year from the Dominion Government, I have several times called attention to the trivial matters wired to this country at so much per word. Following is a sample: "London, July 19.—The 'Chronicle' says that sixty years of Canadian enterprise from a sleepy colony into an enterprising, confident nation, is summed up in the astonishing diamond jubilee number of the Toronto 'Globe.' It is full of interest and by English readers will be filed as an historical document."

I do not in the slightest degree begrudge the "Globe" the well-deserved and exceedingly complimentary notice which the "Chronicle" and many other papers have given its anniversary number; indeed, I am glad to quote the cablegram, as I had forgotten to add my quota of praise but I protest that the cable service was not intended for any such purpose. No doubt rival dailies of the "Globe" have no stomach for that sort of thing, and it is evidently unfair that they should be called upon to pay a portion of the cost.

Imperium in Imperio.

ON the surface it would seem that those who do not use or pay for a thing have no right to discuss its use, or even its existence. Such a theory is, of course, impracticable. There are many things that we neither use, pay for, nor desire, which owing to their use or abuse by others become intolerable nuisances. The manufacture, sale and use of everything liable to do damage or cause inconvenience, not only to the purchasers and users of the article, but to others, are limited by law. In making laws the good of the whole community must be considered, and thus many things become everybody's business, though but few are directly concerned. I was reminded the other evening that I pay school taxes, though I do not use Public schools. The same is true of tens of thousands of taxpayers all over Ontario. No complaint is made, because it is universally recognized that a primary education is absolutely necessary to a good citizenship. Thousands of people pay extra taxes in this province because of the exemption from taxation of hundreds of costly buildings and an immense area of valuable land owned or occupied by religious bodies who are supposed to be entirely separated from the State, but are thus partially supported by involuntary contributions from the general public. The argument for the continuance of exemptions is that these churches or institutions are necessary to a good citizenship, and consequently, like schools, should be assisted by the State. Of course this argument proves too much and consequently proves nothing at all. If, like schools, these churches are necessary to the State, why are attendance at church and the payment of church tax not made obligatory? In some countries it is so, and so of the most worthless religionists and unreliable citizens are produced. As the support and control of schools, the enforcement of compulsory primary pupils, the proper qualification of teachers, careful and patriotic preparation of schoolbooks, and the proper equipment and sanitation of schoolrooms, have been shown to be absolutely necessary to the health of the State, so it has been amply proven that any obligatory support of churches, compulsory acceptance of creeds, punishment of heretics, are most disastrous and destructive. It has also been shown that no attempt to unite the functions of Public schools and churches has been successful—considering success, of course, from the statesman's point of view, which regards as paramount the preparation of generation after generation of children for the duties of citizenship, the upholding of the nation, and the consolidation of all creeds and classes into a homogeneous, patriotic community. On the other hand, Voluntaryism, in Great Britain and British countries at least, has been demonstrated to work vastly better than a State religion supported by taxes and honeycombed with polities and priesthood. Voluntaryism can be proven by such statistics as are available to result in the obtaining by the churches of much larger contributions than could be gathered by tithes or taxes without raising a rebellion in a free country, and the citizenship as well as the piety of the adherents of churches not supported by the State is proven in the main, and amongst the masses, to be better. It is unnecessary to ramble back into history, but it is just as well to remember the admission that Great Britain's supreme greatness dates from Cromwell and all that his period means. The decadence of countries clinging to compulsory religious rites and recognitions in the face of more modern and civilized methods need not be dwelt upon, though it is well to bear in mind the systems of education and religion pursued in those countries which are in a chronic state of unrest or revolution.

As I am hoping for a careful consideration of a question vital at least to the well-being of Ontario and the Western Provinces, still in the formative stage, I have thought it well to indulge in an unusual and somewhat lengthy introduction. It is better at present, perhaps, to limit the question to Ontario, where the present agitation is being conducted. The main question is this: Can we with safety encourage or permit the retention, extension and entrenchment of a governing body within and claiming to be superior to the State? To be more definite, is over eighty per cent. of the population of this province to view without protest or resistance the extension and solidification of an organization which has obtained recognition as having interests, aims and methods separate from, and in many respects out of harmony with, if not opposed to, the interests, aims and methods of an educated and tolerant majority? We speak of our Government as a monarchy, of our methods as those of a democracy. For convenience sake I refer to this organization as the Hierarchy, meaning thereby the executive council of bishops and rulers representing the Church of Rome in this province, a still greater Hierarchy existing for directing the Dominion of Canada. In speaking of the leaders of this church I have not the slightest intention of reflecting upon or belittling the piety and good works of individuals. With its creed as to spiritual matters I have no complaint; indeed, it seems to me better than several others. To the adherents of the church I make no reference, for I am not speaking of individuals, but of an organization. It is with the assumption of temporal power, with the usurpation of functions which are assumed in free countries to be entirely secular and belonging to the State, that the citizens of this country have to do. It is my business and everybody's business to watch how the national structure is being erected, to point out the flaws in the foundation, and to enter such protests as seem demanded by the circumstances. The special occasion demanding the serious attention of those who believe in civil and religious liberty is fortunately not one created by a quarrel between Protestants and Catholics, but is the result of the protest of a Roman Catholic citizen and schoolteacher against the limitation, if not abolition, of his opportunities to follow his profession in this province. The issue has been squarely set, and as it is fortunately free from every element involving sectarian bigotry or religious fanaticism it is to be hoped it can be discussed in a purely national and dispassionate tone.

Mr. J. W. Grattan, president of the Eastern Ontario Bilingual Teachers' Association, recently brought an injunction against the Separate School Board of Ottawa to prevent that body entering into a ten years' contract with the Christian Brothers to take charge of tuition in the Separate schools



A SUGGESTION FOR A NEW STATUE TO BE PLACED IN THE CITY HALL.

to advance himself. In effect the "Star" intimates that Mr. Maclean's fellow members of Parliament really sink their member for East York get credit for what hundreds of people in Canada favor as strongly as he does. In turn Mr. Maclean has intimated that the "Star" is almost entirely owned, and entirely controlled, by some person or corporation with sinister designs on public rights and the public purse. In fact, the "World" intimates that the "Star's" sign does not indicate either the name of the owner or the owner's purpose; that it is a sort of "fence" doing a graft business as a newspaper. If they keep on talking it is to be feared that the public will soon learn altogether too much of the newspaper business.

IT is hard to say whether Lord Dundonald has been asked home, to come home, ordered home, or what. The Imperial Government need not have got fussy. Nothing has happened out here that we can't attend to, but Canada quite appreciates Great Britain's anxiety to prevent anything that disturbs the loyal and kindly relations between mother and daughter. If Dundonald had appreciated this phase of the situation he would probably have acted differently.

CHIEF JUSTICE TASCHEREAU, of the Supreme Court of Canada, and Solicitor-General Lemieux have both been talking overtime in the Old Country, re Dundonald of course, and enquiries have been made in Parliament as to whether they have expressed the views of the Government or if their conduct is to be rebuked. Solicitor-General Lemieux possibly had a right to talk, but an occupant of the Bench, a Chief Justice, should certainly keep himself free from anything with such a distinctly political flavor as the Dundonald brew, which is making such a tempest in a teapot. As Sir Henri Taschereau is a man of great influence and in high favor with the Government, it will be interesting to watch how his case is handled.

THOMPSON, Kerr and Cahoon were released from the Central Prison on Monday, where they had been doing penance for being too kind to their political friends and having offended against the election law. Kerr talks of suing the Crown for false imprisonment, Cahoon appears to be looking at the brighter side of it, while Sam Thompson

plan of having a few good principles and sticking to them no matter whether your friends or impulses incline you to violate them, is much better for the community, but by many is thought an old-fogey and worn-out method. It is well to call attention, however, to the fact that in the case in question both Thompson and Richardson got the worst of it, and from this time out will proceed to dislike one another. Like Alderman Woods they once thought what they did was "smart." Even if the last named person has not yet received his full measure of punishment he may be sure that it is coming to him. He gave away a young clerical friend who thoughtlessly tried to help him in an irregular way, has been called down by the judge, and yet retains his seat in the City Council, though the daily newspapers have told him that his conduct is "indecent." If the troubles of his daily life and the scorn of his fellow citizens are not punishment enough he will not have to wait till he dies to get the balance of it, even as tolerant a town as Toronto.

THE announcement by Mr. Monet, M.P. for Laprairie-Heperville, that he will not again be a candidate, gives quite sufficient reasons for withdrawing from public life. His refusal to submit to the Liberal caucus embarrasses his leaders and colleagues, and he has not sufficient means to neglect his profession or go into a political contest without aid "from the party fund." Without referring to Mr. Monet's connection with the wee band of Bourassa's bombardiers, Canada should applaud Mr. Monet's retirement, as he claims neither special ability nor a special mission. No man should go to Parliament at the sacrifice of his family's comfort unless he determines that he has a patriotic mission for which great sacrifices must be made. Neither should any man accept money from a party fund unless he proposes to do as the party leaders direct. I cannot see that any man can afford to be a candidate for Parliament who cannot pay his own expenses and either live on his indemnity while away from his business or be prepared to dip into his private means. Party funds are necessary to keep up an organization, to send speakers to help candidates and to provide literature for distribution. Any "fund" contemplating more than this indicates not only rotteness in the constituency, but corruption at the headquarters of the party. As was more than once shown in election trials, the candidate who accepts money from the party boodle is not above stealing it from the allies

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in the parish of Notre Dame in Ottawa. Mr. Justice MacMahon heard the case, and last week gave judgment, summarised in one of the daily papers as follows: "That, as the Brothers are not qualified as prescribed by the regulations of the Education Department, the contract between them and the trustees is invalid. The alteration made in the Separate Schools Act in 1896 was solely for the benefit of those who were in 1867 qualified teachers. Mr. Justice MacMahon holds that the expenditure of money by the trustees for the erection of a residence, chapels, cells, dormitory, etc., is entirely beyond the power of the trustees. An injunction restraining the Separate school trustees from entering into the proposed contract with the Brothers was granted."

It would prolong this article to an unreadable length if the contract, decision and statutory clauses were quoted in full, though all of these will be given later if desired. The decision of Mr. Justice MacMahon, it is said, will be appealed —probably to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. If the decision is upheld it will mean either an entire reorganization of the Separate schools of this province, the submission of the religious orders to governmental examination and the taking out of certificates such as are held by the lay teachers, or the Government's forced refusal to recognize the schools in which they teach as legally entitled to taxes raised from Separate school supporters, and the consequent withholding of the share of the provincial school grant, which is computed on average attendance and in 1904 amounted to \$1.06 per unit or per capita. The reorganization of the Separate schools, if the decision is upheld and the Provincial Government does not interfere, must necessarily involve the employment of non-properly certified teachers, or their transformation into parish schools supported by the Church and unaided by the State. The other alternative must be the submission of the Christian Brothers and the Nuns to the requirements of the Education Act, which requires teachers to pass an examination and receive training in pedagogy involving an attendance at model or normal schools, provided for by the province. It is claimed, fallaciously it will appear later on, that the qualifications and teaching ability of the Orders concerned are quite up to the required standard, and that the individuals have not submitted to the requirements because of their membership in partially cloistered orders. Which method may be adopted in case of Justice MacMahon's decision not being upheld it is unnecessary now to consider; the point at issue is that a court has held that illegal practices were proposed in the contract made by the Ottawa Separate School Board with the Christian Brothers, and that the rights of a citizen of this province were, and are, thereby seriously threatened.

Again let the fact be impressed that this dispute has nothing whatever to do with the truth or error of any religious doctrine or the rights of anybody to recognize what ever creed he or she sees fit, but is purely a question of civil rights. The trouble in Ottawa and in this province which has come to a climax is not a new one, and some of the steps leading up to the present situation may very well be recalled. In the Roman Catholic Church, as in every other church, some of the members are more liberal and progressive in their views than others. It will be remembered that in Toronto nearly a score years ago, and recurring in milder forms several times since, there was an agitation for a more progressive management of the Separate schools. It was considered that the first step necessary was to have the ballot take the place of the open vote. The open vote still exists in this case, though I do not recall any other such important matter which is not now decided by ballot. In voting by ballot the progressive Catholics thought they would be able to elect more lay members of the School Board, and thus reduce the ecclesiastical power. In fact, if not in words, Archbishop Lynch claimed that the Church had the right to decide as to who should be trustees of the Separate schools, thus leaving those elected in the rather anomalous position of being mere figureheads. His claim, successful at the time I believe, remains practically unchallenged by any influential section of the Church since his death. In Peterborough, if I remember correctly, shortly afterwards there was a dispute as to whether a Separate school house was church property. The schoolhouse, of course, was built by taxes raised for Separate school purposes, but as a matter of fact I believe Catholics every where have been led to admit that the Separate school buildings are almost if not quite as much under the direction of the bishops as the church buildings themselves. Soon afterwards there was a dispute between the same elements of the same Church over the fixing of the curriculum and the appointing of teachers, this time in Ottawa, where Bishop Duhamel held that it was a purely ecclesiastical matter. Other encroachments by the bishops on the authority of the Separate School Boards, and the consequent deterioration, or at least failure of these schools to improve, led to the withdrawal of a considerable number of Catholic children, who were sent to Public schools. At this point Archbishop Cleary of Kingston capped the climax by claiming for the Church the right to control the children in educational matters, and by threatening the parents who sent their children to Public schools when Separate schools were available, with excommunication from the privileges of the Church. I can readily understand how formidable this threat must be to devout people. It

includes, I believe, a refusal of the sacrament, the last rites for the dying, and the burial in consecrated ground of the dead. The law provides no machinery of which I am aware by which an injunction could be obtained preventing the carrying out of this threat, and it had its effect. The bishops are apparently still busy pushing forward the formation of Separate schools. In Windsor not long ago the Bishop of London forced these schools on the Roman Catholics of that locality, though they were working in perfect harmony with the Public School Board, and had their share of Catholic teachers to an extent which made it unnecessary for Catholic children to be taught by Protestants. To summarize this phase of it, the Hierarchy, quite within the memory of those past middle age, have practically declared that they own and control the trustees, the buildings, the teachers, the curriculum, the text-books, and the children who may attend Separate schools, and the bishops are still active in the extension of their school system.

In Ottawa the difficulty is increased by the lack of harmony between the English and French-speaking Catholics. The Christian Brothers is an order of French origin and highly in favor with the French population. Ten years ago they and the Nuns had the tuition of all the Separate schools. The Ontario Government in its excessive anxiety not to be considered bigoted, provided at that time two Separate school inspectors—increased to four—that these ecclesiastical training institutions shall not be criticized or profaned by any unbeliever. In 1894 or 1895, I believe it was, Separate School Inspector White, who had the reputation of being a thoroughly competent man, reported strongly against the efficiency of the work done by the Christian Brothers in the Ottawa schools. The Ontario Government, thus forced to take action, adopted the easy and procrastinating plan of appointing a Commission, which reported in the latter year that the work of the Nuns was fairly satisfactory, but that of the Christian Brothers was not satisfactory. This Commission was composed of Dr. Ryan, a much-esteemee Roman Catholic of Kingston, Principal Scott of the Toronto Normal School, and Inspector Tilley of the Ontario Model Schools. The result was the dismissal of the Christian Brothers from the teaching staff of the Ottawa Separate schools. Efforts to restore this teaching brotherhood to the control of the schools have been unceasing, and the contract set aside by Mr. Justice MacMahon appears to have been the result, though the Ontario Government, in its efforts to cultivate the friendship of the Hierarchy, appointed Separate School Inspector White to the principality of the Ottawa Normal School on the death of Principal McCabe, probably with the idea of inducing more Roman Catholics to take up the teaching profession. Indeed, how can they, unless their parents have money, save up the sum required for a high education if they have not the teaching profession as a stepping-stone?

The grievance of Mr. Grattan and his colleagues can thus be seen to be far more serious than it appears on the surface, and it is pertinent for others than those directly concerned to enquire why the Ontario Government has tolerated this condition of things, so evidently to the disadvantage not only of the Roman Catholics in having inferior primary schools, an injustice to lay teachers and a discouragement of the search for higher education amongst Roman Catholic youths, but to the disadvantage and discomfort of the whole community in having an extraneous government controlling the preparation for citizenship of such a large number of children. The Government, of course, claim that they have never been called upon to interpret the meaning of the clause upon which Mr. Justice MacMahon based his decision. It reads: "The teachers of a Separate school under this Act shall be subject to the same examinations, and receive their certificates of qualification, IN THE SAME MANNER AS PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS GENERALLY; but the PERSONS qualified by law as teachers either in the Province of Ontario, or at the time of the passing of the British North America Act, shall be considered qualified teachers for the purpose of this Act." As a matter of fact they have been interpreting it every year that they have allowed these improperly equipped schools to receive their share of the provincial grant, which was before stated to amount to \$1.06 per unit of average attendance. The Government has been aware of the employment, not in isolated instances, but generally, of those who have no certificates of qualification obtained "in the same manner as Public school teachers," and as thirty-seven years have elapsed since Confederation, and 870 Separate school teachers were last year employed, 570 of whom belonged to religious orders, the Government could not possibly have thought that these uncerified "persons" were working as having been qualified teachers before the B.N.A. Act was passed. The contention of the Hierarchy is that the Act referred to communities and not to persons, and that the clause quoted enables the religious communities teaching before Confederation to teach now. The Act, however, specifies "persons" and I cannot see how the learned judge could possibly interpret it any other way than he did. The Ontario Government, however, was evidently constrained to tacitly interpret it as meaning religious communities as well as persons, and Sir Oliver Mowat, speaking in London, some time before he went into Federal politics, in his somewhat vague manner indicated his belief that "communities" were included. According to Mr. Justice MacMahon the clause meant that the person qualified under the law of either Ontario or Quebec could teach after Confederation as before, just as the law which changed the system of superintendents of schools in this province into inspectors of schools stated that those who were qualified as superintendents before the Act, might continue their duties.

This mis-interpretation by the Government has intensified the trouble, until now the sudden reorganization of the entire Separate school system, instead of the gradual change which was contemplated, will be a genuine inconvenience. No doubt if the law is upheld the bishops will appeal to the Legislature for relief, and here is where the real row will begin. The Hierarchy has taken every possible advantage of the weakness and complaisance of politicians and deserves no consideration whatever. The children who are attending school, however, deserve every possible attention, and if the supply of properly certified teachers, whether they are Roman Catholics or not, fails short of the demand, some extension of time during which the members of the religious orders can qualify, or lay Separate school teachers prepare themselves, should be granted, but not otherwise. The extension of time, however, should be made exceedingly brief, and only such as is actually necessary to the continuance of the education of the Separate school children, from the public point of view and not from any point of view which the Hierarchy may endeavor to establish. The "Evening Telegram" of this city appears to think that the bishops have nothing to fear. It says, "The Ontario Hierarchy, which exercises its supposed constitutional right to determine who shall and who shall not teach in the Separate schools, need not tremble. Its every ecclesiastical privilege is secure, and if the courts interpret the law so as to abridge the sovereignty of the Ontario Hierarchy its leader has but to speak the word and the Legislature will hasten to obey. Ontario is represented in its Government, in its Opposition, and in its Legislature, by a set of thorough-paced political cowards and trimmers who dare not call their souls their own if they were quite sure that they had souls."

The history of the Legislature justifies this expression of rude contempt. The Government, no matter whether led by a Mowat, a Hardy or a Ross, has hastened to obey the orders of the Hierarchy no matter whether it was to the advantage of the Roman Catholic citizens, the province, or the country. Since the retirement of Mr. Meredith the Opposition has been, if anything, more subservient to the Bishops than the Government. While Catholic France has been expelling the religious orders which would not submit themselves to government regulations, breaking up the schools taught by unregistered communities, and providing schoolrooms and lay teachers for the children, the Province of Ontario, where five out of six people are non-Catholics, has been encouraging the giving over of the Separate schools to religious orders, though in one particular and glaring instance a Commission reported the Christian Brothers—putting it mildly to be inefficient, and there is no evidence offered to show that they have improved.

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Before going away for vacation please remember that it is no more trouble to send your copy of "Saturday Night" to your new address. If you will notify us it will be attended to promptly. If you receive your copy through a newsdealer he will be glad to attend to it for you. Depend upon it, upon mountain or lake, at the resort, on the farm, your "Saturday Night" will be doubly welcome. Price, one month, 20c, three months 50c, yearly \$2.

includes, I believe, a refusal of the sacrament, the last rites for the dying, and the burial in consecrated ground of the dead. The law provides no machinery of which I am aware by which an injunction could be obtained preventing the carrying out of this threat, and it had its effect. The bishops are apparently still busy pushing forward the formation of Separate schools. In Windsor not long ago the Bishop of London forced these schools on the Roman Catholics of that locality, though they were working in perfect harmony with the Public School Board, and had their share of Catholic teachers to an extent which made it unnecessary for Catholic children to be taught by Protestants. To summarize this phase of it, the Hierarchy, quite within the memory of those past middle age, have practically declared that they own and control the trustees, the buildings, the teachers, the curriculum, the text-books, and the children who may attend Separate schools, and the bishops are still active in the extension of their school system.

There is absolutely nothing to encourage the young men and women of the Roman Catholic Church of this province to qualify themselves as schoolteachers. Competition with the religious orders is impossible; soon no employment will be obtainable. It may be asked, why are they not employed in Public schools? The Roman Catholic community has taken great pains to SEPARATE itself from the Public schools, and thus from 83 per cent. of the people, wherever the bishops have found it possible to do so, and it would be a little more than can be expected from human nature for those who have watched this separatist movement with irritated toleration, if not distrust, to give positions to Roman Catholic teachers when sufficient non-Catholic applicants offer themselves. Recall the recent case of a dismissal from a Toronto collegiate institute, how bigoted was urged as the reason for the dissatisfaction of the trustees! It is seldom that a Roman Catholic obtains charge of a Public school, except in a neighborhood where the establishment of a Separate school can be prevented by the employment of a teacher having the confidence of the Church. These cases are not sufficiently numerous to alter the result, and if Mr. Justice MacMahon's will have little ambition, unless qualifying themselves for other professions, to require or seek a higher education. Indeed, how can they, unless their parents have money, save up the sum required for a high education if they have not the teaching profession as a stepping-stone?

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New Box-Pleated Skirt

Also Sun-Burst,
Accordion
Pleated Ruffles.

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Send for descriptive price list.

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New Black Dress Fabrics

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Wool Voiles, Eoliennes, Sail Canvas, Voile de Chine, Armures, Lustres, Sicilians, Albatross, Wool Taffetas, Drap d'Alma, Paramatas, Crepe de Chine, Uncrushable Grenadines, Shepherd Checks, Black and White Suitings.

Special—30 Novelty Suit Lengths—8 yds. in each, no two alike.

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Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates by the week. Dining-room open on Sundays.

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You'll have to pay full price for "Knox" Sailors—But there's a third off the price of every other Ladies' Sailor in the house.

That makes 4.50 Sailors 3.00. That makes 3.00 Sailors 2.00. That makes 1.50 Sailors 1.00, and so on and so on.

Midsummer clearing sale lets you choose from very pretty shirt waists that were 1.50 to 2.50 for 50¢.

Lets you choose from the daintiest of shirt waists that were 2.75 to 3.50 for 1.50.

Lets you buy Elegant stoles in chiffon and chinchilla effect that were 5.00 to 15.00 for 2.50 and 6.00.

Fairweathers
84 and 86 Yonge Street



Mr. Flanagan of the Bank of Montreal, Hamilton, came to town on Saturday, and went on to the Royal Muskoka on Tuesday for his summer vacation. Mr. Flanagan and Toronto friends were glad to see him looking so fit and while here enjoying the splendid golfing facilities of the Toronto Golf Club.

Mrs. and Miss Butler of New York are a charming mother and daughter who are spending some time at the King Edward, and saying the nicest possible things of Toronto as a summer resort. Mrs. Sheuer is also here at the King Edward.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark left last week for the Atlantic coast for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson and Miss Robertson are at "Oasis" on the breakwater for the summer.

The Misses Shepard, two charming visitors in town, were much admired at the Yacht Club's Island hop on Monday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence G. Ross, daughter of Hon. G. W. Ross, and Mr. R. Ernest Gunn. Their marriage will take place early in August.

Mrs. Harry Brock, 298 Brunswick avenue, and family are at Stony Lake for the summer. Mr. Brock is at the Home for Incurables, where he will be glad to see his friends.

Mrs. Percival MacMahon of Woodstock and her sons are at the "Pines," Balmoral Beach, for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hutchins of St. George street and their family are at Bath Bay of Quinte, for the summer.

On Saturday afternoon an interesting race was sailed by a large number of yachts, some of which competed for the trophy given by Dr. A. H. Garratt, whose yacht, the "Beaver," won the cup. It was one of the sights which fill our Southern and other visitors with enthusiasm to see the snowy-white sail past out into the exquisite lake about the oak, ash and skin over the rippling waters. One man from Savannah, Ga., said: "By crickey, I'd not have missed this sight for a hundred dollars. You Toronto people do give us a good time for our holiday." The wind did not hold for a keen contest between the water beauties, but the sight of the cruise from the deck of the Niagara boat was lovely.

On Monday evening the dance at the R. C. Y. C. Island house was a blessed relief after a very sultry, scorching day. The bowling lawns, through the generosity and trouble of a member, were brightly festooned with scores of Chinese lanterns, the balloons, pretty lights, the tables, the balcony, the party of members and their friends enjoyed an alternation of dancing and strolling or resting in the comfortable arm-chairs on the upper balcony. The members may be asked and thus remain on for the dance. There were a very pretty lot of girls at this dance. Miss Butler of New York, the Misses Shepard, Miss End, Wormum, Miss Dorothy, Miss Emily, the young daughter of Mr. Secretary Porter, Miss White, third of a series of beauties (the daughters of Mr. Aubrey White), who have graced these dances in succession; Miss Sweetman, the Misses Lamont, a trio of graceful dancers; Miss Bedford, who was looking very pretty; Mrs. G. 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THE CRUISE O' CUPID

From the Log of Harold Brooks.
Caroist.

By
Gordon Rogers

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CHAPTER I.

Jimmy Carew.

Jimmy had gone down to the canoes on the beach at Johnnie's Falls, and to make sure that nothing was being left behind, I was giving a camper's last surveying look over the ground from which we had just pulled pegs, and where we had been held up by the elements for a day or two. A whistle of surprise by Jimmy made me join him. He had found in the sand a locket, containing the miniature in oils of a woman's face. It was a beautiful and bewitching face, dimpled and smiling. The eyes were blue with a spice of boldness in their glance; and the "crowning glory" was of a rich red-golden hue, the hair of a Jean Jacques Hennier head. The painting had the miniature perfection almost of a Meissonier's brush. It was beautiful art. The locket was an unlettered oval of burnished gold, exquisitely chaste.

"She's peachy, isn't she?" I said, with enthusiasm.

"She is certainly a good-looker," Jimmy said, in a judicial tone. "But I fancy she would be like fair Fortune, a fickle dame. I would christen her Helen Blaize, offhand."

"We make hasty estimates by faces," I retorted.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I never cared for red hair."

"Hai of that particular hue," I answered contentedly, with a lateral nod of the head as I walked down to my canoe, "is pronounced by artists to be the most beautiful and rare of all; and students of human nature say that red-headed women are the most constant and affectionate."

"And this one separated from somebody right here," cut in Jimmy, stepping back to the bushes along the bank. "I wonder who is the unlucky beggar that lost this? For no woman would be man enough to wear the likeness of another as good-looking as the original of this must be."

"Lucky beggar if he has a claim on the original," I said, adjusting the cushions in my craft.

"That's your opinion; but I was thinking of the possibility of the original having a claim on him." Jimmy retorted, as he closed the oval case. "No doubt he had the locket on a watch-chain. In pushing his way through the

shrubs the locket was caught, and separated from the chain without a jar sufficient to attract him owing, perhaps, to the connecting ring or link being defective or weak. Perhaps, though, he did miss the locket, but couldn't find it in the sand; and I suppose I ought to go over to the hotel and enquire for a reported loss." Jimmy is nothing if not conscientious or thirsty, so he went.

No guest of the hotel had reported a loss, the management said; nor, indeed, had any one, although there had been a brisk business of late with transient yachting parties, tourists and fishermen, besides paddling men en route, like ourselves, to the American Canoe Association's racing meet, some of whom had camped on the grounds just vacated by us. So Jimmy panned and ad. on hotel stationery, and it was posted by the main door:

FOUND:
At Johnnie's Falls,
A LOCKET
Containing Miniature.

Owner can recover property
By applying to the
Secretary of the American Canoe Association,

Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River,
Proving his claim,
and
FAYING FOR THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

We were twain, Jimmy and I: physically and metaphorically twain, emphatically and indisputably twain. Jimmy stands six feet unshod, and I—but why particularize? I had the diffidence, though I thought it emphasized them, he had at all times an appetite sufficient for two. Yet were we "twain as one."

"What's the name of the next summer resort or hamlet on our way?" he enquired, as we pushed out from the Johnnie's Falls camping-ground.

I consulted a time-table and chart.

"Rome," I said. "Population, five hundred—post-office—three general stores—blacksmith's shop—woollen mill—connections by stage with Athens and the Stop-and-Carry-One-Railway—wharf steamer 'Fairy Queen' calls Wednesdays and Saturdays—hotel, the Roman House."

"We may hear of the owner of this at the Roman House," Jimmy remarked, as he slipped the locket on the key-ring of a steel chain at his belt.

An hour later we came in sight of a spire, indicating to us the locality of the Roman House, on the farther side of a hill at the head of a bay. We had been rather mute over our paddles and pipes as we dipped our way inland from the lake; and when the silence was broken by shout, and its echoes spoke from bank to bank, we experienced a shock.

"Help!"
The voice was masculine, beyond doubt; and "murder" was the thought that flashed through our minds as we sat up, open-mouthed. We took a few strokes, staring uncertainly about; for there was not a human being in sight, and the cry was as great a surprise as if we had heard a report that we had guessed the exact weight of a cake of soap. But hardly had its echoes died away when the word came again, and this time from a throat unquestionably feminine.

"Hel-l-l-l-p!"
For a moment we sat perplexed, with pursed lips and knit brows; then, like a hound that has found the trail, Jimmy dashed straight on. And I went with him. Inside of three lengths it had become a race; but heroism, pure and unadulterated, didn't animate me. I simply wanted to beat Jimmy out. We had paddled at half-a-dozen meets that summer, and were "in the pink." The water curled and bubbled at our bows, and we left a wake that would have made an old-time Mississippi sidewheeler bury her nose in a bar out of sheer chagrin. Once our boats came together, Jimmy said "Damn!" and glared at me with the affection of a senior member in a Kentucky feud, while we shortened paddles and pushed viciously.

apart as if a referee had said "Break!" But that was in the first round. Jimmy woke up, and I got in his wake.

A sudden bend in the shore, and the Roman wharf and boat-house and other panoramic effects loomed large to my vision as I labored busily on. Jimmy was now bearing heroically down upon capsized skiff, to which were clinging man and girl. Jimmy's cedar blades were flashing with the rhythm and radiance of a white sea-bird's wings; the spray flew from their tips; and I had to admire as well as envy him his phenomenal speed. It was a grand practice spurt for the championship Trophy Cup race at the big meet, and Jimmy had said he was going to capture that cup or drain defeat out of it to the dregs.

To add to the variety of the movement of the scene, a man who had put out in a skiff from the boat-house was rowing toward the capsized as if pursued by a plesiosaurus or the police; and for the moment, out of my petty envy, I harbored the hope that he might beat Jimmy out. But for James he was only a pace-maker and spur all in one. Those big, bronzed arms of Jimmy's were propellers of steel.

The polished hull of his craft gleamed in the light of the morning sun as the hero dashed alongside the inverted skiff and came to a short turn and sharp stop by a quick and wonderfully strong back stroke. The man in the skiff was lengths away, and before he or I could negotiate the mark, Jimmy had drawn the girl into his canoe and was paddling smartly to shore. It was very sharp work, even for James; but a minute or two later I understood how inspired and stimulated his mind and muscle had been.

The man from the boat-house and I administered to the needs of the chap in the water, and towed him ashore. He was a long-armed fellow, and his nerve as he clung to the skiff took the gratifying vocal form of cheer of a certain unmistakable British sort. He admonished us, with an accent, to "hurry," and when he struck up the bank and I saw that his legs were in proportion to his other extremities, I wondered why he hadn't just taken a breath as long as himself and walked ashore; for he was taller than Jim. The latter, meantime, looked as if he felt in the King's suite of the Seventh Heaven House, and all the little cherubim bell-boys flying up with wine. He hadn't turned a hair over it all; but it was just elementary inference to settle how he felt about it.

The girl, as she squeezed the water out of her skirts, was chatting and laughing, and making seventeen sorts of glad eyes at Jim. She didn't seem to have an arrow left in her quiver for her late partner in peril; but he stood stubbornly by, frowning fiercely at Jimmy from beneath a wealth of matted Saxon locks, and in his clinging wet flannels he managed to look about as haughty as a bent pin on a railway track. I saw that envy held the reins with a high and iron hand in the vehicle of his emotions, for he glared at Jimmy with such a bad eye that I didn't fancy the look of the other danger-lamp any too well, either; and he alternated these ocular flashes of hate by staring at the laughing girl in a fashion that was cut out of the whole cloth of a directly opposite feeling, while she and Jimmy paid about as much attention to him as if he had been one of the wooden posts down at the Roman wharf.

I hitched Jimmy's craft to mine, the boat-house man being busy righting and draining the capsized skiff; and while we were thus supping, Jimmy and his prize capered over the intervening meadow toward the village, the hero making her do a six-minute clip so she wouldn't take a chill, with the August temperature already eighty in the shade, while the tall young man who couldn't swim, but who could run all right, loped lovingly at their heels.

CHAPTER II.

At the Roman House.

I didn't hurry to Rome myself. I felt that in the gooseberry role the De Wolfe Hopper with the envious eye would score such a success that the hero would appeal to the manager for a change in the cast, or take justice into his own hands in the shape of a real sword in the third act. The boat-house man and I conveyed the skiffs and canoes to the boat-house landing. He was a florid little Englishman, of the Cockney brand, and therefore garrulous. He said he was Tommy Giggs, horse and boat livery keeper, and contractor for the carriage by stage of his Britannic Majesty's mails between Athens and Rome. Mr. Giggs informed me that the young lady who had just passed through a thrilling experience was Miss Bessie Moore, of Quebec, and that she and her mamma were guests at the Roman House. The fair youth with the basiliscine blue optic was Mr. Algernon Cholmondeley Potts, popularly known out of unpopularity as "Dude" Potts. Mr. Potts was the local Johnnie and correspondent of the Limestone "Snorer" and the Brickville "Snooze," and a personage upon whose character the florid and perspiring Giggs now poured his bottled ire.

"Follow-countryman of yours, isn't he?" I remarked.

He cocked a comical blue eye at me. "I ain't proud of it!" he said. "It's a type of young Englishman that ought to be kept at 'ome for the good of 'is race in this country. 'E's lazy and snob by and vain, and there isn't a young chap 'ardly between Athens and Rome that don't abhor 'im. Tries to lord it over me, too, 'e does! 'E's told people 'e was edicated at Harrow and Oxford! As if I didn't remember 'im well enough w'en 'e used to run around barefooted in Puddlesborough w'en I used to drive in from Diddleby on market day. And 'e's told 'em, too, that 'e's related to the Earl of Casino, of

Castle Cards, in Kent. I wish they could see 'ow 'e'd slobber over a lord! His father was a little parson, with a living in Kent in my time, and there was seven other little Pottses along with Algernon Chumley. The parson 'ad a sister, unmarried, living in Diddleby, well enough to do, and she must have died and left 'er brother some bit of remittance from 'ome, just enough to let 'im know they 'aven't forgot 'im, but don't want 'im back, and not enough to buy more than a steerage passage 'ome. Everybody 'ere knows 'ow much is remittance is, on account of them bein' money orders which 'e's to cash at the postoffice, which is run by a woman 'ere, y' know. An 'e' blows in every sixpence 'is back."

"Was an amazingly nice-looking girl, slender and tallish and straight, and distinctly pretty and fresh-colored—fresh as a wild rose with the dew on it. Her complexion had the bloom of an early peach, her hair was dusky dark, and her eyes large and brown, with a glance that was at once modest and direct. In genuine though she was, she had changed into the colors of our club. She wore now a white pique and Yale blue yachting suit, as if she were throwing a dare at the old bay beyond, since a real live seafarman like Jimmy had come into port; and she looked, of course, more fetching than ever, because her new rig had starch in it and didn't cling to her the way wet fur sticks to a kitten."

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Corticelli

B & A Wash Silks

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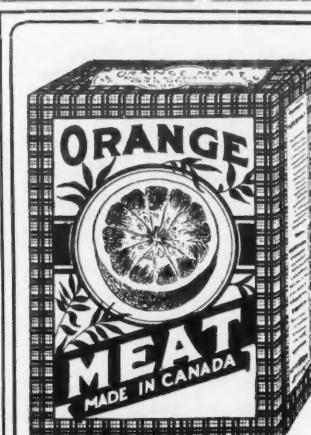
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Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very
satisfactory.

Even her hair didn't seem to have suffered, as Algernon Potts had; so I concluded she must have thought of it, like a woman, and kept her head, like a little man, when she upset.

She didn't give me time or chance, when Jimmy introduced me, to butt in with my little conventional I-hope-you-are-none-the-worse-et-etera piece. She gave me her hand, slim and brown, with a dazzling smile for a premium, and said that I must have thought her very ungracious in not thanking me at the time for having paddled so hard on her behalf, but that her surprise at seeing Mr. Carew must be her excuse.

We sat on the verandah overlooking the main street, and talked. Bessie said:

"I know I screamed dreadfully—until the water got in my mouth. Did you really recognize my voice?"

"I did," said Jimmy, solemnly. "I was comforted then, for I understood how he had been able to beat me out by such a margin in the race on the bay."

"But Mr. Potts positively roared," Bessie said. "And he insisted I had better call, too, as he didn't believe there was a soul within hearing except Giggs, who wouldn't come to his help. I really didn't understand why, because I think Giggs is a good-hearted little man."

"Artful Mr. Potts!" Jimmy said. "That was one for you and two for him."

"You mustn't be too hard on him, because he can't swim," Bessie said, with an obvious feminine disinclination to be severe on Mr. Potts. "But I really believe," she added, with a breezy little laugh, "that he was more frightened than I was."

"No man who isn't a strong swimmer has a right to take a woman out on dangerous water," said Jimmy, in his caustic tone, as the "man" in mind appeared on the scene. Mr. Potts was toggled up, evidently to kill. He had changed into a suit of flannels with an ultra-wide stripe, and the nether garment had a beautiful London roll. His cuffs, heavily welted Oxfords and loud socks, were noticeable details of the whole; and his Saxon looks were crowned with a Panama straw hat having a particularly rakish brim, from beneath which, as he seated himself in an arm-chair and produced with a flourish a silver cigarette-case, he sized up Jimmy with a look of strangely mingled menace and respect.

"You look quite yourself again, Mr. Potts," said Bessie graciously; and Mr. Potts, possibly embarrassed by a sudden consciousness that he had neglected to express regret for the misadventure, muttered inarticulately and shifted his chair. She turned to Jimmy and said:

"How shall I ever be able to thank you? I don't believe I could have held on much longer, that skiff was such a slippery thing; though it was quite inspiring to see you coming along so fast. Where were you when you heard me know?"

"We were just inside the mouth of the bay when we heard Mr. Potts," said Jimmy, expanding his into a grin. "Sort of mouth to mouth, you see. As to thanking me, you can do that best by forgetting all about it; or, if you can't do that, by just remembering that you would have been all right if Brooks and I had been paddling on the other side of the world, through the Inland Sea of Japan, because Giggs was making a record for himself with the oars. We were all three—Brooks and Giggs and I—keen rivals for the honor of relieving a charming young lady from a situation that must have been at least

tiresome."

Hot shot for Mr. Potts. Jimmy was rattling on in this vein, when a vehicle of the Giggsian Roman type—a sort of cross between a cabriolet and a chariot—appeared, drawn by a jolted horse, and was stopped at the hotel. A rather stout and dignified-looking lady in black descended, while Bessie cried:

CHAPTER III.

Algernon Cholmondeley Potts.

"My dear girl!" cried mamma, as she climbed the steps. She was a trifle pale and dusky beside; but she clasped Bessie's sleekless pique in a maternal embrace, filling James C. with indescribable envy as she bit Bessie severally. It looked like a small boy with a peach, and keeping it all to himself. Then, beaming on her daughter through a pair of rimless pince-nez, she ran on:

"I heard all about it, my dear, at the mill. The foreman there said Giggs told him you had gone down three times, that he and two gentlemen dived for you, and that he thought he would have to use his grapping irons, when one of the gentlemen succeeded in 'recovering' you, but not a moment too soon. I said, my dear, that some accident would happen if you persisted in going out upon that treacherous bay unless accompanied by someone to be thoroughly depended on." She flashed a mildly disapproving glance at Algernon Potts, and he took a walk. "And which is your gallant preserver? Is this the noble young man?"

She saw I was a more convenient size, I suppose for the work of maternal gratitude in hand, and for the first time I was glad it was Jim. But I wasn't in any real danger. Bessie was going to look after that. Jimmy wasn't to lose any of the laurels that were coming to him. She exclaimed, with a good deal of unnecessary feeling, if she had only known mine at the moment:

"No, no, mamma dear, it was Mr. Carew. This is Mr. Brooks."

"How do you do, Mr. Brooks. Mr. Carew, how shall I ever be able to thank you?"

That was just what her daughter had said. He was so busy just hating himself to death for being a hero that he didn't seem to be the ready information bureau mamma took him for, and Bessie filled in.

"You remember Mr. Carew, of course, mamma. He was La Salle at the historical ball in Quebec last year, you know."

"Of course, my dear. I remember Mr. Carew perfectly now. I felt there was something strikingly familiar about you, Mr. Carew. Le Sieur de La Salle had such an heroic air. And now pray sit down and tell me all about it."

I managed to drift away. I didn't want to hear that tale again, even from the lips of Bessie Moore. I knew that Jimmy felt he would like to get his hooks into Giggs or the foreman at the mill, or whoever had embellished the facts with grapping irons. At the farther end of the verandah I encountered

Algernon Cholmondeley Potts. "Aw!" he said, loftily. "And how long are you two chaps going to be here?"

"Better ask my long friend," I answered, amiably.

"Going to the canoe meet, are you?"

"Going to race, I suppose?"

"My friend will."

Mr. Potts blew a cloud of smoke from his superior altitude, and laughed. "He won't be in it with Willoughby," he said. "Willoughby's won everything so far, hands down, don't you know?"

"Then it is time for a change," I said.

Willoughby was the noted paddling crack of a maritime club.

"Willoughby passed through here a week ago," communicated Mr. Potts. He twirled a pale mustache. "I think I'll take a gee-gee run down Thursday to Gannanock to see him lift the Trophy Cup."

Declining Mr. Potts' invitation to smile, I strolled back to the happy trio.

"Otto Willoughby is ahead of you at the meet," I remarked, as Jim looked up. "And, according to Mr. Cholmondeley Potts, Otto has a corner in all the events, and you are wasting time in going after the cup."

"Oh, yes!" said Bessie. "Mr. Otto Willoughby spent a day here." A cloud came over Jimmy's face. "He heard we were from Quebec and introduced himself. You remember him, mamma?" He was almost as big as Mr. Carew, and very sunburned and—and bald. So many sunburned canoeing young men have passed through here on their way to the races that I was."

"That all cooms look alike to your mamma," said Jimmy, lightly. The cloud did not quite pass from his sunburned face.

"I thought Mr. Willoughby very nice," Bessie said. "But I shouldn't think he would have a bit of a show against you, Mr. Carew." And she bent on Mr. Carew a beautiful look of admiration and sunshine that should have cleared his brow.

"My dear!" said mamma.

"I mean in a canoe race, of course," said Bessie. Then a blush mantled her pretty face. But her eyes met Jimmy's, and the cloud was gone.

"Still, I am afraid Jimmy won't have a bit of a show against anybody if we don't tear ourselves away from Rome," I put in, as Potts strolled up.

"Rule Ten of the Racing Rules, Miss Moore, expressly states that one must have been in camp at the meet for two days to be eligible for entry in the events; and as it is, we should be in camp there by noon to be eligible for Thursday's events, which include the Trophy Cup race, and are the last of the meet."

"The Regatta Committee may, if they choose, waive Rule Ten," Jimmy said, airily. "We lost two days at Johnnie's Falls on account of bad weather, you know."

"We should be making up for them now," I said.

"We are," said Jim.

"Oh, you can't think of leaving before dinner!" exclaimed mamma. "I expect you to be my guests."

I gave in then, and Jimmy strolled off to "do" Rome, with Bessie as guide, while Mr. Potts, following them with his eyes, sauntered toward the mill, and I remained to tell mamma what a really good look, and how high he stood in the opinion of the directorate of the big bank with which he was connected, and what splendid prospects he had; but as I had my eye on him just then, as he walked up the main street with Bessie Moore, she didn't realize the particular prospects I had in mind. However, I laid on Jimmy's Japan with an artistic if generous hand, not forgetting to add an extra high finish by remarking that news might be expected at any moment of the death of Sir Owen Carew, baronet and bookworm, who was on his last consumptive pins in Colorado, and that Jimmy was Sir Owen's brother, and next in line.

By the time the romantic pair returned I had about exhausted my conversational treasure-house, and I think mamma was glad of it, and that she, too, was grateful for the diversion offered by Bessie in the suggestion that we should go down to the mill and be photographed by Mr. Carew, whose photographic kit was in his canoe. And as we reached the little river, Jimmy's canoe came into sight around a bend, forcefully if erratically propelled by Mr. Algernon Potts.

Jimmie, in his mingled amusement and wrath, gave one of his forty-five inch expansion war-whoops; and Mr. Potts was startled from his equilibrium and next in line.

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"Confound you!" Jimmy roared. "Is eavesdropping another of your games? I've almost a whole mind now to—" One big brown fist went up and back for a short-arm jolt, and Potts was startled into a position of pugilistic defence. It was not exactly according to the art of Corbett or McCoy; and Jimmy, who knows the game from a left-hand lead-off to a solar-plexus jolt, dropped his hands. His ire passed, he smiled, and walked on.

"Aw! I thought he'd cool off!" said Potts, with a look in which restored confidence and relief strove to obliterate suspicion. He mistook Jimmy's sudden pacification for caution or fear, and actually preened himself. Potts was a big-boned chap, and I reflected that if put in a corner he might give even Jimmy a stiff argument before going out. He had got into dry things for the third time that day, and was once more the rehabilitated dandy of Rome.

As we went into the dining-room, mamma said:

"I suppose you canoeing men acquire quite robust appetites, Mr. Brooks. I hope you will be satisfied with a cold collation now. They serve dinner here sharp at six, and I think I can promise you a very fair one for a village hotel."

So that was it. In supposing that her invitation to dinner was for the noon hour, I had committed myself to an all-day sojourn in Rome. Jimmy, with an amused eye on my gravity, said that we could make an early start after dinner, as there would be a "fine moon," but I felt he had no very serious idea of employing Diana's illuminating advantages to a proper, sober and dutiful end; and I knew what this procrastination policy would mean for me; that while J. and B. were exchanging mottoes and fairy tales in some sylvan Roman glade, mamma would be my vis-a-vis meal-time and alltime.

He lost his seat, the long paddle was plunged deep down and passed under the canoe, the aspiring occupant retaining his grip upon it, and the craft performed capsized. Even Jimmy, with his paddles and fine cushions floating briskly down stream, accompanied by Mr. Potts' Panama, could not but join in the merry laughter of Bessie Moore, which, like his own, had an infectious quality, while mamma permitted her academic countenance the brief recess of an Augustian smile. Jimmy quickly put out in my canoe and recovered his flotsam, while Potts clung fiercely to the rotatory craft.

"Oh, save Mr. Potts, too, please!" cried Bessie, and mamma's countenance assumed a tragic expression.

"Only at your request," said Jimmy.

"But the valuables first, you know?" He secured the painter of his canoe and tugged the clinging Potts ashore.

"I've half a mind to dress you down!" Jimmy said wrathfully, as Potts, with dripping garments, climbed the bank.

But the river seemed to have reversed the order of the dressing process that had been executed with so much care by Mr. Potts. His finery was half-ruined; the wide stripes of his flannels, if perpendicular, seemed now to stand for his deserts; and his linen, in common with its wearer's morale, lacked starch.

Potts glowered, half-defiantly, as if about to retort. Then, with a maple branch, he secured his hat, as it drifted in, and stalked away, leaving a trail across the dusty road and followed by the irrepressible laughter of Bessie Moore.

"You do look so funny, Mr. Potts, that I really can't help laughing!" she cried. Mr. Potts said naught, but there was that in the Parthian look he shot at Jimmy which meant mischief, to my mind.

The air-tight lockers in bow and stern of Jimmy's canoe had saved his traps from harm, so that he was able to execute the camera act. It took him a long time to get all right and grouped effectively, with the mill for a background, and the mill-hands lined up to a man; while Bessie remarked that Mr. Potts had taken a picture of herself and her mamma on the hotel steps last week. And I had a pretty safe idea, as he was focussing and fussing, of about how much Jimmy was trying to get mamma and me to figure on the plate.

She and I, of course, led the way back to the hotel; and when Jim and Bessie joined us at length, he said he had told Giggs to take the canoes and traps on a truck back to his boathouse, as the bank of the local Tiber wasn't a safe depository for them with a gentleman of Mr. Potts' persistently suicidal tendency in the neighborhood.

I said I wouldn't it have done just as well to pay a mill-hand to keep an eye on them until we should get away, but Jimmy said he wouldn't trust even the foreman, as Giggs had hotly denied having enlarged the affair of the bay by a mendacious reference to grapping irons or diving feats. I got Jimmy alone for a bit, in the toilet room of the hotel, as we brushed up for grub, and threw Rule Ten into him again.

"Girls are all right in their place," I said.

"But you know very well that it's thirty-five good miles from here to the meet."

"And what's that to you or me?" he said, burnishing a bronzed fourteen-inch forearm. "But of course," he added, "if you didn't feel fit we could drive down and leave the boats for the time being here."

"So already you think of returning to Rome if you should ever get away from it," I said. "Well, you are hard hit!"

Gravity and mirth danced together in his gray eyes. "I am, old man!" he said cheerfully.

"Then you're just another Mark Anthony, that's all! You've had your level nautical head turned by a petticoat!"

"Don't remember that Cleo wore 'em," he remarked. "Anyway, the only event I am really out for is the Trophy Cup race, which is Thursday's big card. As to Rule Ten—" what he had on his tongue or mind concerning Rule Ten I didn't learn. For he strode suddenly to the door, which was slightly ajar, and opened it wide, disclosing in a startled attitude the tall form of Cholmondeley Potts.

"Confound you!" Jimmy roared. "Is eavesdropping another of your games? I've almost a whole mind now to—" One big brown fist went up and back for a short-arm jolt, and Potts was startled into a position of pugilistic defence. It was not exactly according to the art of Corbett or McCoy



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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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WITH all reference to the Executive Committee of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, I beg to state that they should organize a school for referees. This school should have degree-conferring power, and nobody but graduates should be permitted to officiate in Canadian Lacrosse matches. These sapient and valuable thoughts have been borne in to me since I heard of the amazing exhibition which Mr. Referee Jack made of himself at St. Catharines on Saturday last. The Tecumsehs went over to the Flower City expecting to win, and if they did not put a half-Nelson on the championship our esteemed friend Jack is to blame. Mr. Jack hails from Brantford, the home of Simon pure amateurism, floods and peripatetic gentlemen who know how to play lacrosse—except when in Montreal or Toronto. The Jack idea of refereeing is to take a tremendous interest in any scraps which may occur while the game is going on. This—and I desire to be completely fair—is the prescribed duty of all referees. But it is written in the rule-book that the game must be stopped the while the presiding officer watches the visiting brethren smiting or being smitten by the home "boys." Mr. Hubert Jack does not think this rule is a good rule. He fails to see why it should have ever been incorporated in the book. Hence, he holds that if two, four, six or eight of the contestants consider it desirable to slug each other, the game should meanwhile go on. The plan has its merits, as any team with half a dozen giants on its list will readily see. But the trifling thought obtrudes itself that fighting is not lacrosse.

Once more the Canadian tennis championship has gone to an "American." At Niagara-on-the-Lake Wright of Boston put Waidner, the Chicagoan, down and out. The Canadian contestants were not in it. And why not? Simply because the average Canadian tennis player knows as much about volleys as a mule does about Sanskrit. Our men simply will not try to volley. It is the case of base-line lobbing whenever they can. One would think the net was red-hot, so carefully do they keep away from it. Last year I saw the Dohertys—the English champions—at play in Boston. They revelled in "takin' em hot," and they defeated the "Americans" just because of this. But the Yankee tennis-players have never shirked going close up. The man who gets the ball on its first flight has much more chance of placing it quickly than the fellow who is back in the court. And there is much less chance of a return. Tennis, however, seems to be losing popularity in Toronto. It is a pity. As a good, wholesome game it ranks with any of them. In the smaller towns, where men are scarce, it holds its own. In these places the wealthy merchant or professional man is always ready to allow the club the use of his lawn. In the cities the rent of a ground is an expensive matter. But the small places will seldom turn out crack players. A man can only improve his form by meeting stronger players than himself. As recreation tennis is deservedly popular in the little places, but the little places have never turned out champions.

It is a pity that the executive of the Argonauts has decided to send the eight—the senior eight—to St. Louis. Under the coaching of Fred Thompson and Joe Wright the crew is doing splendid work. It is fully as good as anything the Two Blues have ever turned out. At the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition the eight will have to row in an energetizing climate, against men who have been inured to torrid weather and—and this is perhaps the most important consideration—they will have to drink water that is bound to put one or two of them out of condition. Within two weeks they will have to row at St. Catharines in the Canadian Henley regatta, and it is surely desirable that they be on hand to help to uphold the Maple Leaf. This is by no means intended as a slur on the Toronto and Don eights. The Island club and the East Enders have both excellent octettes, but the Argonauts should not be handicapped by meeting them and the "American" eights while suffering under a handicap. There is yet plenty of time for the Argos' executive to reconsider its decision, and it is to be hoped that the programme will be altered.

There isn't much fun in being wise after the event, but the cold fact is that in so far as the International cricket match was concerned the subscriber had the result pretty well piped down in this column two weeks ago. We have in Canada some pretty fair batmen, although it would be going too far to say that they are the equal of the best men the Philadelphians can turn out. We have no Ralston or Bohlen. When we come down to the attack, however, we are distinctly outclassed. There is not in Canada to-day a first-class amateur bowler. Laing has sought Chicago, a growing law practice, and if rumor be true, a wife. Hal McGivern is too busy looking after his business to give time to the old game. No youngster seems to be in anything like their class. The Philadelphians can play mediocre bowling until the cows come home, especially when the venue is on their own billiard-table wickets. They have as good coaches as money can bring out of England, and their grounds are equal to anything across the big sea-water. Canada has not half a dozen really good cricket fields. Our estimable and lately-deceased friend, Aeschyulus, is reported to have remarked that "harping is learned by playing on the harp." Similarly, cricket is learned by playing cricket, and you cannot play cricket on a wicket where one ball essays to biff you in the eye, while the successor is a deadly and grass-cutting shooter. Until we have good grounds and good coaches we Canadians will never do much at the game. Perhaps, also, it would be desirable to have a few more men playing. We certainly do not number as many cricketers as we did a few years ago. Golf has something to do with this, and yachting has, perhaps, as much.

The humane old lady who raised such a holler last year over the "cruelty" of the polo games has had another cause for indignation. The game has been revived, much to the gratification of many sportmen. Captain T. O. Critchley—by the way, a son-in-law of Sir Sandford Fleming—is respon-



THE McCUAU SOCIAL CLUB.

At Exhibition Park, Saturday, July 16. This club holds a picnic at various places. It has a membership of over 80 and is now in its third successful year. Mr. W. E. Ross is president and Mr. S. F. Burnham secretary. Rev. J. C. Speer, D.D., is the central figure in the foreground.

sible for having stimulated interest in the great game, and the "horsey" folk of Toronto may expect to see some good matches before the snow flies. Captain Critchley learned the game in England, but it was in Calgary that he perfected his play. In the Western city there is a bunch of polo players who are quite up to any form that can be seen at Meadowbrook or any of the "American" centers of the sport. The Calgary men turn many an honest penny, too, by breeding ponies for the English polo market, and many a fourteen-hander, dropped within sight of the foothills of the Rockies, has made a name at Ranelagh. There is a constant demand in England for well-trained polo ponies. Anything under £400 is considered a moderate price for a first-class animal, and when it is remembered that no crack player is able to get along with fewer than four mounts it will be seen that the game should furnish a good market for our Canadian breeders and trainers. Captain Critchley has sent over some crackerjacks within the past year. It is a pity that Toronto has not an accessible polo ground of regulation size. The old baseball ground is many yards too short, and the Hunt Club field is too far away. If the infield of the Exhibition half-mile track were properly leveled, it would make an ideal ground. The grand stand is there already, and the street car service is first-class. If the funds were forthcoming, polo at the Fair grounds would be a paying sport.

The crowd that has been following Fort Hunter all season will have many a ducat down on Dymon's colt at Fort Erie this afternoon unless something unforeseen happens. The winner of the Canadian Derby will have to go up against a pretty tough field, but the enthusiastic Fort Hunterites are ready to put up their dough that the Barrie horse is a better proposition than Claude or Light Brigade. From what I hear, Light Brigade should not carry anybody's money unless the better is ready to make a piking wager at long odds. It is too much to hope that the exceedingly wary pencilers at Erie will get away from their usual methods, and so, if my friends will take a modest tip, they will not risk their hard-earned samoleons on an animal with a very "dicky" leg.

The indications are that the Canadian Henley at St. Catharines will be a tremendous success this year. The mere fact that Lou Scholes will be present should be sufficient to draw a great crowd to the banks of the beautiful old Welland canal. It was a happy idea which induced Fred Thompson, Claude Macdonald, Bert Barker, et al., to choose St. Catharines as the seat of the regatta. The course is a splendid one, albeit the water, scullers say, is a little "dead." But everything else is first-rate. The decision of Scholes that he will not row at St. Louis is to be commended. The change from cool Henley to torrid and muggy St. Louis within a few weeks would be too much for any man. The Scholes family physician has advised John F. that the quick change of climate might work great injury to the health of a young fellow who for months has been in hard and systematic training. At St. Catharines the conditions will be much easier. And if any "American" oarsmen think they can "do up" the champion, why, there are plenty of railways running into St. Catharines, and the railways carry the shells free! OLYMPIAN.

Heated Asides.

"It really begins to feel like a day in summer."—Our Lady of the Snows.

"There was never a slip 'twixt Scholes and the Sculls."—Toronto.

"I thought it was to be a meeting of the St. Andrew's Society, and behold! it was a Tory gathering."—Editor of the "Globe."

"Isn't it time for Yonge street to learn the game of Bridge?"—The Islanders.

"War is a horrible nastime, and if I were not Irish I'd fight against it."—Dr. John Potts.

"Heaven bless the Maple Leaf Forever, and do the next best thing for the Thistle."—Mr. Alexander Muir.

"Don't monkey with Malacca."—John Bull.

J. G.

Just a Little Penny-Anty.

Along the Magic Forest's rim
They fared together—Her I him—
Till in a scented gloom of shade

Youth's thoughtful feet were gently stayed
By that small Wizard of the Bow—
Smile, reader fair—I'll bet you know.

A soft mound—size for one alone—
For Beauty formed ideal throne;

While for her dainty feet, I ween,

A velvet mat of living green,
Whereon, and perilously nigh—

A chap might sigh, and eye, and lie.

From woodland chapel dim and lush
The holy chanting of the thrush—
From Paradise a drifting prayer
Came to the young hearts throbbing there—
And, waiting breathless, He and She
Did seem to thrill with ecstasy.

Ah! blessed time to swiftly pass,
Lo! he springs sudden from the grass,
Kicks wildly, madly slaps his pants,

And fiercely mutters "D— those ants!"

Responsive, quick upright, quoth she,

"Same here! Cuss 'em again for me!"

—EDDIE BOY.

Mr. Towe—I can't afford all this money for a yachting costume. The next thing you'll be wanting a yacht.

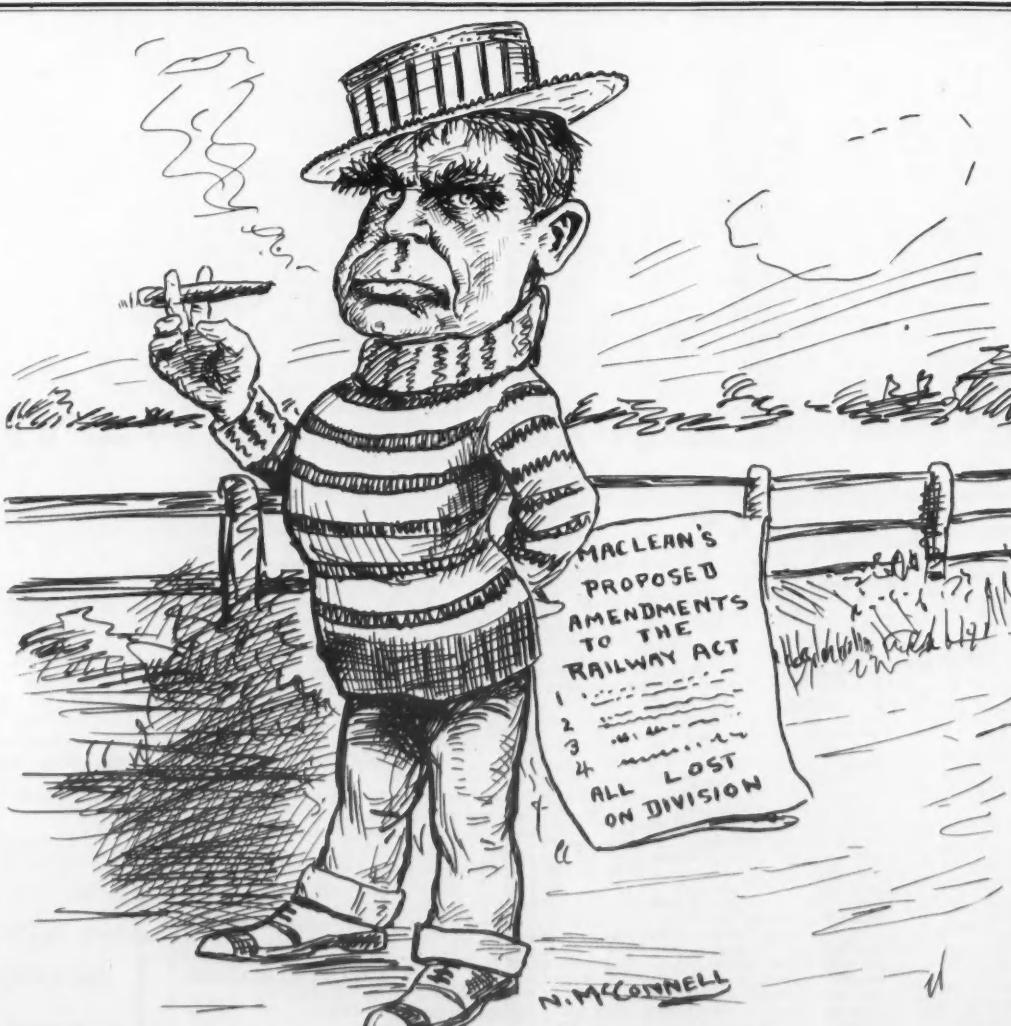
Miss Unda Towe—No, I won't, papa. If I had the yacht

it would be necessary to have the costume.

First Mosquito—I feel like a Scotch highball.

Second Mosquito—Me for rye.

"Then you take the man on the right and I'll take the one on the left."



THE PEOPLE'S CHAMPION.

W. F. Maclean—"All lost save honor."

A Correction.

The following letter explains itself, and I am glad to know that the report I read in the papers mentioned was incorrect to Rev. Mr. Lowe, but am sorry an injustice was done either by the other journals or "Saturday Night." Possibly the remarks of some other speaker were attributed to him.

DON.

St. Paul's Rectory, Wingham, July 16, 1904.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Hall, the editor of the Wingham "Advertiser," has just called to show me an article in your paper, taken, no doubt, from the Toronto "News" and the "Mail and Empire," in connection with my speech here on July 12. I wish to state that the whole statement is absolutely false, which I can prove by every person who heard my speech last Tuesday. I never mentioned Sir Wilfrid's name, never referred to politics. I just spoke for eight minutes, and did not speak on any point particularly. As I was in my town that day, and as a matter of courtesy, the time was given to the other speakers. I will refer you to any of the following names as proof to what I say: A. H. Musgrave, Esq. (chairman), Dr. T. Bradley Bervie, T. Hall, editor Wingham "Advocate"; Rev. Mr. McClean, Baptist minister here; R. Vanstone, Esq., Mayor of Wingham. I have been over eighteen years in the ministry, and I have never yet mentioned politics from pulpit or platform. Everything that has been stated in the "Mail and Empire," the Toronto "News" and also in the "Saturday Night" is absolutely false, and without foundation, as regards what I said on July 12. I would, therefore, ask you kindly to insert this. I am, Mr. Editor, yours very truly,

WM. LOWE.

Jottings of a Lazy Man.

If you can not live without working—die.
We work and slave through life for a leaden coffin with silver handles.

The lazy are the envy of the energetic.

Energetic men are useful—they enable the lazy man to live.

If Adam had been too lazy to eat we should still have inhabited Eden.

If the early worm had been lazy it would still have been alive.

If matter is force, force energy, why am I not energetic?

Do nothing for others, lest they ask you to do it again.

A lazy man is always brave—it is easier to be killed than flee from trouble.

Sleep is a priceless boon. I could sleep for weeks without feeling tired.

The amount of force wasted by one energetic man in one day would serve me for many years.

If ever I write a book its title will be, "How to be Lazy Though Married."

If there were no lazy men what would we do for preachers and politicians?

If there were no lazy people what would the charitable do?

PIED PIPER.

A Little Heroine.

UST two weeks ago, in an article on "The Athletic Girl," I referred to the plucky act of the two Canadian girls who swam out and rescued a boy who was drowning in the Humber River, declaring that "our girls" were not lacking in cool courage. Since then a young Toronto girl has brought even nearer home to us the spirit of bravery that leads to noblest self-sacrifice. Little Nan Warde, a shy, bashful girlie, only fifteen years old, gave her life last week in the vain attempt to save the life of a child who was hardly more than a stranger to her. Everyone who knew her, from the priest who had given her Holy Communion to her little playmates, has spoken of her childish grace and sweetness. Her life closed with a deed so touching in its sublime unselfishness that the whole community has been stirred and a lovely inspiration has been left to her loved ones which makes her death not all a tragedy.

CANADIENNE.

The Doer of Good.

T was night-time and He was alone.
And He saw afar off the walls of a round city and went towards the city.

And when He came near he heard within the city the tread of the feet of joy, and the laughter of the mouth of gladness and the loud noise of many lutes. And He knocked at the gate and certain of the gate-keepers opened to Him.

And He beheld a house that was of marble and had fair pillars of marble before it. The pillars were hung with garlands, and within and without there were torches of cedar. And He entered the house.

And when He had passed through the hall of chaledony and the hall of jasper, and reached the long hall of feasting, He saw lying on a couch of sea-purple one whose hair was crowned with red roses and whose lips were red with wine.

And He went behind him and touched him on the shoulder and said to him, "Why do you live like this?"

And the young man turned round and recognized Him, and made answer and said, "But I was a leper once, and you healed me. How else should I live?"

And He passed out of the house and went again into the street.

And after a little while He saw one whose face and raiment were painted, and whose feet were shod with pearls. And behind her came, slowly as a hunter, a young man who wore a cloak of two colors. Now the face of the woman was as the fair face of an idol, and the eyes of the young man were bright with lust.

And the young man turned round and recognized Him and said, "But I was blind once, and you gave me sight." At what else should I look?"

And He ran forward and touched the painted raiment of the woman and said to her, "Is there no other way in which to walk save the way of sin?"

And the woman turned round and recognized Him, and laughed and said, "But you forgave me my sins, and the way is a pleasant way."

And He passed out of the city.

And when He had passed out of the city He saw seated by the roadside a young man who was weeping.

And He went towards him and touched the long locks of his hair and said to him, "Why are you weeping?"

And the young man looked up and recognized Him, and made answer, "But I was dead once, and you raised me from the dead. What else should I do but weep?"—Poems in Prose."

Confetti.

Life seems a royal road when it is death that stares one in the face.

Only the love of deathless things makes us immortal.

What is each generation but a tide? A little sound and fury, and each is drawn back into the ocean.

Mind is superior to matter until something gets the matter with the mind.

Luck is



We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

Hunyadi János

Nature's Laxative Water
CURES ALL THESE TROUBLES

Dose: Half a Tumbler on Rising

Anecdotal.

In connection with Lord Curzon's return to England, this story is being told in India. An American globetrotter dining with some English friends in Calcutta was asked if Americans took any interest in India. "Oh, yes," was the American's reply, "and they have some reason to do so. One day I met a lady I knew in a railway carriage, and I handed her a newspaper in which was a paragraph headed, 'India and Lady Curzon.' She settled down to read it with those attentive eyes which she had finished. I remarked to her: 'You seem interested in that item about India.' 'Yes,' she said. 'I am. When that young man came out here and married little Mary Leiter I always said she would make a man of him, and so she has.'

William Dean Howells spoke highly of Mark Twain at a London dinner party, and set one of his stories as illustrative of his great humor. As Twain had told it to him, there was a great fire, and an old man leaned out of an upper window screaming for help. "Everybody in the crowd seemed paralyzed," said Mark; "no ladder was long enough to reach the old man. The firemen said if he stayed up there he would be burned to death, and so he would be crushed flat." But I, with my presence of mind, came to his rescue. I rushed forward and yelled for a rope. The rope was brought to me. I threw the old man to the end. He caught it. I told him to tie it around his waist. He did so, and I pulled him down."

The late George Francis Train was once dining in a fashionable restaurant, and the insistent attentions of a colored waiter were very annoying. "Say," said Mr. Train, "if you don't bother me for the next fifteen minutes I'll place something beneath my plate that'll make your mouth water." The colored gentleman bowed courteously, and anticipation waited in the rear. After Mr. Train had left his seat, the waiter turned the plate, and there found something which not only made his mouth water, but his teeth grate—a piece of chewing gum.

Professor William James, of Harvard, is very popular with the more intelligent and studious of the undergraduates. When these young men however make rash or impudent remarks, he does not hesitate to take them down. Not long ago a sophomore aired some rather atheistic views before Professor James. "You," the latter said, "are a free thinker, I perceive. You believe in nothing." "I only believe—how—what I can understand," the sophomore replied. "It comes to the same thing, I suppose," said Professor James.

One at least of the lately removed recesses on London Bridge was associated with Bismarck. The following story was told to Sir Charles Dilke by the great German himself: During a visit to London, Bismarck was invited to inspect a famous brewery, and in acknowledgment of his reputation for beer-drinking, an enormous tankard of cold ale was set before him. "The tankard," said the Iron Chancellor, "and I thought of my country and drank to Prussia, and tilted it till it was empty. Then I thanked my entertainers, and succeeded in making my way as far as London Bridge. There I sat down in one of the stone recesses, and for a considerable length of time the great bridge went round and round me."

A friend of Philip Verrell Mighels, author of "Bruver Jim's Baby," tells this story of him. Mr. Mighels was in London at the time, and one morning he informed Mrs. Mighels that he had several errands, and would not be back for some hours. He was going to see a lawyer, a doctor and a literary agent. After his business was attended to he bought a piece of chalk from the teacher's desk in a little old schoolhouse and wrote my name in full on the railing of the bridge on the way home."

He accepted the painting gracefully, but he was much annoyed a week later to hear that the student was going about declaring: "Rodin says the painting I gave him is better than the Degas over his chimney." Rodin decided to take down this complimented young man. So meeting him one day at the *Café de la Paix*, he said, in the hearing of a good many mutual acquaintances: "My house was robbed on Sunday night. Did you hear about it?" "No," said the youth. "Was much taken?" "Half a dozen suits of clothes, some silver, and—you know that painting of yours?—well, they cut it out of the frame, and—" "Hush!" the youth interrupted, excited and pleased. "Why, my fortune's made. The newspaper: 'They cut that picture out; Rodin continued, 'and went off with the frame!'"

General Bird W. Spencer, the president of the American Rifle Association, was describing to an English sportsman the West of the past. "Our old-time Western miner," he said, "had an ingenuous and simple nature. He was a miner in Montana who rode in to Anaconda one day to see an entertainment that had been announced. This entertainment was a play, but the miner had never seen a play—a pantomime was the only sort of entertainment with which he had ever been regaled. Long before the hour began he bought his seat and entered the hall. He sat there in solitude for about twenty minutes. He gazed at the curtain intently. It was a poor curtain—notching but a gray pyramidal mountain painted on a dark blue background. When the miner had looked his fill at it he rose and departed for his distant home. A pretty rotten pantomime," he was heard to mutter as he mounted his horse."

Barrett Wendell, professor of English at Harvard, cannot endure fulsome praise of any sort or in any disguise. This is well known to Cambridge undergraduates, and seldom do any of them offend. At summer schools, where he is in great demand as a lecturer, he does not escape so easily. A year or so ago he gave a course in English literature at the University of California. In the first meeting of the class he asked the members to sit in writing the benefits they expected to gain from the course. Many filled their papers with laudatory reference to Professor Wendell, but one young woman far surpassed all others. "I have long worshipped you from afar off," she began, "and now come to sit at your feet and sip inspiration from your gifted lips." Professor Wendell read the paper to the next meeting of the class with this justic comment: "I have never known of a woman making such a fool of herself on a single page before."

General Cronje, who is visiting the St. Louis Fair, was asked to pose for his picture the other day by a news photographer. "I am too modest," said the Boer leader, laughing. "But a man like me should be more modest," said General Cronje. "Let me tell you about the modesty of a king—King Frederick VI. of Denmark—who really was a great man. King Frederick VI. was visiting a certain Danish school. The pupils were intelligent and alert. He put a number of questions to them. 'What,' he asked, "are the names of Denmark's greatest kings?" The well-born boys answered in chorus: "Canute, Waldemar and Christian IV." Then the schoolmaster bent over a boy and whispered something, whereupon the lad rose and raised his hand. "Well," said the King, "do you know another?" "Yes: Frederick VI.," the boy answered. The King smiled. "That great deed did he perform," he said. The boy was silent. He thought hard. Finally he stammered, "I don't know." "Well, my child, be comforted," said the King. "I don't know, either."

Memories of Greatness.

The Great Man was sitting in his study enjoying a pipe with an old friend and indulging in reminiscences of his life. For twenty years he had been in the public eye and no man had tasted more of the sweets of notoriety. He had seen his name work its way up in the papers from the time when he was first mentioned as being "also present" at banquets, to the culminating point where he was habitually the guest of the evening and saw his remarks next morning under scare heads. Scarcely a day passed but his picture appeared in some paper, either in some political triumph or a patent medical discovery. He had posed for his picture at all hours of the day and night, eating and drinking, speaking and thinking. He had been snap-shot and had both his actions and appearance recorded by biographs, cinematographs and in living pictures. His words of wisdom were being repeated all over the country in newspapers, magazines and admirers who had little more intelligence than the machines. In short, he was the man of the hour, and publicity could do nothing more with him.

Presently his friend remarked:

"John, you are probably one of the most talked-about men in the United States, and your name has appeared in more different ways before the public than of almost any other man."

Now tell me what appearance of your name in public gave you the most pleasure."

The Great Man ruminated over his pipe for a few minutes, and then replied:

"Well, I think that I never got so much of a thrill out of seeing my name in public as I did when for the first time I held a piece of chalk from the teacher's desk in a little old, dingy schoolhouse and wrote my name in full on the railing of the bridge on the way home."

How Animals Commit Robberies.

A curious co-operative system obtains among animals, and a diverting account is given by a traveler of a highway robbery committed on a heron by three black rogues, aided by a couple of dishonest followers in black and white.

The heron had gone a-fishing, and had caught and eaten an old and somewhat fat crow. On his way home he was accosted by a carrion crow and two hooded crows, and requested to stand and deliver his hard-earned supper, the magpies waiting to see if they could get any profit out of the nefarious business. They were sleeping partners in the firm. Driving the heron to an open space between two woods, the crows came to close quarters with their victim. One sat at his head, another above, while another pecked at his sides. The third seized him by the feet, which are thrust out behind when flying, and upset him so that he turned a complete somersault. At this the villains cawed hilariously.

Unable to stand their treatment, the heron disengaged his fish, which the magpies seized and made off with. Another crow was present, and a second fish fell to one of the crows. Seeing he could not get rid of the remaining thieves, he turned a complete somersault. At this the villains cawed hilariously.

Ham—Those poor friends of yours!

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

THERE are two ways of getting through a hot day. One may either consider the heat or ignore it. A good way for a woman to arrive at the latter state of mind is to reserve some specially stunning wearing apparel for hot days and then to wear it with a good grace. I once knew a girl with a splendid figure, who owned an exquisitely fitting velvet gown. One very cold day I met her wearing this gown with another wrap than a coquettish little collar of rich fur. "Aren't you perishing?" I asked unthinkingly. "Oh, no!" she laughed, with a roguish glance: "I am never cold in this dress." It may also be possible to wear white lace and ribbons and never be hot in them! The blazing sun found every south-east window in the sunniest light-tossed to-day, and the biggest soft-tableau cover was pinned wet and cool. Now then the woman who cares for comfort took a cupful of water and turned it against the upper part of the cloth, pressing it close and moving it back and forth until it was emptied and the cloth moist all over. It was deliciously cool all morning. The four open north-west windows caught the wind and it wafted the rooms beneficially. After three o'clock the wind had kindly shifted south and up went the south windows, while the north ones were closed and curtained. When people came in they said: "Oh, how fresh and cool the air is; because you are up so high, isn't it?" Then, for garments, one has the short thin kimono and skirts of lawn, which stiffened, and she must keep the mind upon pleasant things and the hair loose and fluffy, and the store of lemonade replenished. You say: "Oh, any one can be cool lolling about doing nothing but drinking lemonade." But there was quite a lot of work done in the sanctum this morning—mending, letter-writing, all the household tidying and cleaning. A housewife is an all day going-on, and at the heat, at intervals, I heard her demand, "Isn't it awful?" and every one agreed with her with sighings and groanings. And yet, in the city flat, up high above the green trees, packed about on all sides with glowing brick walls, it has been cool and peaceful, and busy and pleasant. "Just think of the poor creatures in New York tenement and dirty streets," said our big visitor, whose philanthropy seemed to be confined to remote objects, as she sank upon the sofa. "What's the use of thinking about them?" asked the other. "It makes us uncomfortable, and does them no good. I was just thinking of an iceberg I saw last summer, and wondering if I should see seventeen at once again this year. And here's my man filling the refrigerator. I must thank you for such a nice piece." Which she did, and the ice man, who had cheerfully lugged up a small iceberg sixty or seventy steps, cried heartily, "Oh, I'll always look after you well!" till the woman had to check the little glow at the heart which greets such good-natured service for fear it might warm her up too much. It doesn't even do to be too grateful in hot weather. The clever man drifted in to talk books and told about a catarract nine hundred feet high away in the hinterland of Labrador, and by and by evening came and the hottest day was done.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every photographic study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Photographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including the signature of the author, and will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own name and the Editor's time by writing reminders or requests for answers. 3. Quotations, maps or postal cards are not accepted. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Hortense.—Your Easter wishes have been long unacknowledged. I haven't received one of your cards you mention, and will look up the Member of Parliament, and see if he's like the few I have known in the flesh. I have made doots. November 11th brings you well under Scorpio, the great sign, and you are a born ocean, and you seem one of the happy children of that sign. You have great appreciation of the beautiful, love and receptivity to gentle and humane influences, great tact and for action, good worth, and some business ability. There is a touch of healthy pride and rather a wise and broad outlook. The will is pliable. Imagination is good, and humor better than usual. It is, or ought to be, the writing of an harmonious and contented creature, adaptable, pleasant and wise.

Curly Wig.—I think I probably waited for you to realize that we don't publish the paper for our health. Many persons send me letters to me to look up and post to me certain back numbers, enclosing neither cash nor postage stamps. Of course I'm obliged to disobey their commands. Want of knowledge is what's the matter with them. I should not care to receive a card from your enclosure, which is unsigned. It is a virile and somewhat bit of writing, but lacks heart and sweetness. I should fancy the writer an amusing companion, a fluent speaker, and a person apt to be master when he chose.

Ayesha.—To tell you the plain truth

I am not "horrified" by your notions;

you only indicate a lack of sentiment

and don't lightly trust your neighbor

with the key of the safe. Your sequence

of thoughts is clear and logical,

and your purpose practical, though some times a little too practical. You have a remarkable force on unprofitable pursuits, but you will acquire concentration with years. There are traces of appreciation of culture and beauty and very good temper, though you could be a good deal more unconventional, hopeful and inspiring.

There is nothing to indicate sex in your lines. A business hand, somewhat suggesting a college training.

Tom, B.C.—This is a very sensible and remarkably virile study. Writer must give exact date of birth—day not year.

This will be practical, not dogmatic,

purely logical and go directly to the

point for thirty days. After that sort of

lame, wretched, puny, yet showing that

you are young. I think your adjectives

are wild and woolly. "Excruciating

walzing is a new one on me, so is some

of your orthography—but, never mind,

you are still young. There is great

and good control in your lines, and if

your geese are all swans it's as it

should be. So you depend on men for

your amusement? A healthy sign, my

good westerner. In young folks,

there is a want of control, and you ask

for complete dissection. It is a cruelty

to your present state. You are clever,

able and energetic, and have capital

fluency and form.

Anna.—There is sentiment and a cer-

tain completeness in these lines. Writer

is cautious and inclined to mistrust outsiders, which makes her discreet and somewhat reserved.

Perception is bright and natural ability very good; writer should be a good administrator and planner, and a person apt to be emotional and capable of great loyalty and warmth of affection. She is neither am-

bitious nor optimistic and prefers to live upon a personal armchair than go independently. With all this, she has great individuality, and will not be easily turned from a purpose or an idea. It is quite an interesting and by no means a bad study. You are frank, with systems of caution, decided and a trifle "imaginary."

If your judgment sometimes errs it's a fault of the head rather than the heart.

You are a good, full of vitality and pleasantness. You think clearly and can hold your own in argument, a form of amusement you don't care for.

Cynthia.—Indeed it was a bad omission.

Your disposition is noble and generous,

temper excellent and mind receptive,

adaptable and productive. You have the

domestic side of your nature, and sense of humor.

You are frank, with systems of

caution, decided and a trifle "imaginary."

If your judgment sometimes errs it's a

fault of the head rather than the heart.

You are a good, full of vitality and

pleasantness. You think clearly and

can hold your own in argument, a form of

amusement you don't care for.

Ham.—Those poor friends of yours!

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Cheer up. The world comes to those who

can wait. The "suspicion of spring in the

air" reads well as I fan myself and ab-

sorb iced lemonade. Your writing hasn't

reached its fullest development, but has

the right stuff in it, and don't

lighten up the key of the safe.

Your sequence of thought is clear and logical,

and your purpose practical, though some-

times a little too practical. You have a

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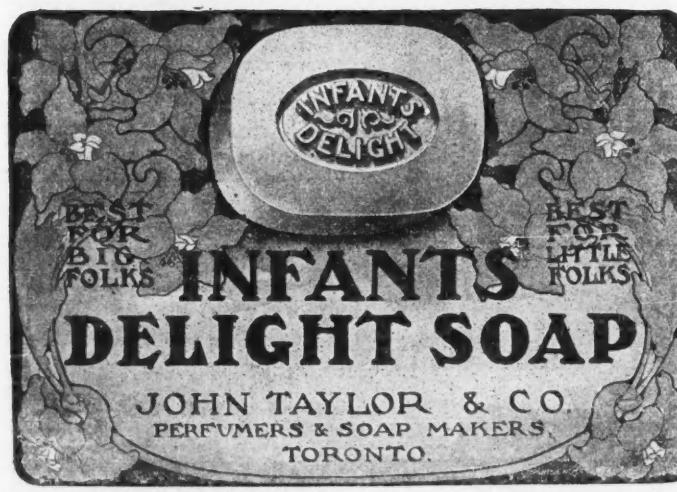
"Dorothea" is now in its third printing with every prospect of reaching so great a circulation as to place it first among the books of the year. The "Academy and Literature," of London, England, a periodical which, by the way, is usually somewhat conservative in its bestowals of praise, has this to say of "Dorothea": "It is full of humor and charm, touched with a strong dramatic instinct, and replete with life. 'Dorothea' is a book to be read: those who neglect to do so will miss much enjoyment. Life seen through the glasses of Mr. Maartens is an absorbingly interesting and delightful thing."

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Reviews of Books

CANADIAN readers will doubtless be interested in the following paragraph from the San Francisco Bulletin: "One of the most ingenious of noms de guerre is that of Col. D. Streamer, whose book of verse called 'Misrepresentative Men' is to be published soon by Fox, Field & Co. Col. D. Streamer, author of 'Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes,' is the Baby's Baedeker, etc. is in reality Captain Harry Graham, aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Minto. He is a member of the Coldstream Guards whence his pen name, 'Col. D. Streamer' comes. Captain Graham dedicates his book—which, by the way, seems likely to be an Englishman who only understands but practices American humor—to one of the most popular of American actresses—Miss Ethel Barrymore."

Mrs. Edith Wharton is generally acknowledged to hold first place among the women writers of America. Ella Wheeler Wilcox may write passionate rhymes for the maturing girl. Jean Libby may amuse a fortune by means of her lurid love stories in which impossible blonde beauties are loved and won by members of the aristocracy. But Mrs. Edith Wharton is apart and afar from popular favor. She is one woman novelist who has not bowed the knee to Mammon, and who is sincere in her contempt of vulgar demands. The only complaint that has gone up regarding her work is a strange one indeed in our slipshod days—that she is too coldly intellectual, that her work is so exquisitely done that we see, not feel, how beautiful it is.

Mrs. Wharton has been more darning fortunate in her choice of titles for her latest collection of short stories. A man would be afraid to call the child of his imagination "The Descent of Man"; he would remember that Charles Darwin wrote a great work by that name and he would naturally shrink from rushing in and appropriating a title which the famous scientist has made famous in all lands where there are books. But such is Mrs. Wharton's choice and the first story bears the Darwinian heading. The second is "The Evolution of a Writer." The third is "The Evolution of a Husband." These three titles are proverbially unpopular, this book deserves to be read by all to whom "good work" makes an appeal. So etching-like are the characters, so subtly penetrating the writer's analysis, that one feels on every page the intellectual keenness and literary brilliance of the woman whose "The Valley of Decision" is one of the best productions of modern novel-writing. But the reader is emotionally undisturbed by these men and women who come and go and talk so cleverly throughout the nine narratives. When they die, we feel that they have done the correct thing; when they become divorced, it can hardly be regarded as incorrect procedure; when they fall in love—but they never do really fall in love—read into the depths of ordinary infatuation. With the exception of the last story, "A Venetian Night's Entertainment," the tales are intensely modern, which circumstance is rather to be regretted when we find how thoroughly entertaining are the adventures of young Tony Bracknell on a carnival night in Venice in the year 1760. Who has not told us that the city built on the sea and thought that Venice must be made up of moonlit waves, gondoliers' songs and gloomy palaces? Even the school geography with its stiff covers and scanty paragraphs about the most interesting things cannot despise Venice of the romance she holds in her. The slightest touch makes it tell. They are told that "There was, for instance, a slender Venice glass gold-powdered as with lily pollen or the dust of sunbeams, that, standing in the corner cabinet betwixt two Lowestoft candlesticks, seemed, among its lifeless neighbors, to palpitare like an impaled butterfly."

"The Lady's Maid's Bell" is a some what awkward title for a story which one hesitates to class with "ghost" stories, so unsensational is it told, but which is yet marvelously haunting. It is to be read in the broad prosaic light of day, "in the bustle of man's worktime," or the reader may have reason to regret listening for the lady's maid's bell which truly had power to wake the dead. There are seven remaining stories, "The Other Two," the utmost delicacy is used in telling of the complications resulting from a sensitive man coming in contact with his alleged wife's former husbands. Mr. Waythorn is romantically in love with his wife, while his first husband, Mr. Hassett, comes to him little by little, who has been married with the mother. The second husband, Mr. Gus Varick, a gentleman of turbulent habits, comes into business relations with Mr. Waythorn and at length visits him at home. To Mr. Waythorn the situation is absurdly painful, but his wife remains serene in spite of her triumvirate of husbands. The final scene is in New York, in which, when Mr. Hassett makes his way, due to one of his afternoon calls on his small daughter, Gus Varick also enters on business and the three men smoke in discomfort until Mrs. Hassett-Varick-Waythorn arrives and dispels their gloom.

"I'm so sorry—I'm always late; but the afternoon was so lovely." She said, drawing on her gown, people saying and gruffly discussing about her a sense of ease and familiarity in which the situation lost its grotesqueness. "But before talking business, she added brightly, 'I'm sure every one wants a cup of tea.'

"She dropped into her low chair by the tea-table, and the two visitors, as it drawn by her smile, advanced to receive the cups she held out. She glibly glibly said, "I'm not a good writer—indeed. To chemistry, for instance, we owe a great many of our blunders."

The professor—We owe a great deal to chemistry. Friend—Yes, indeed. To chemistry, for instance, we owe a great many of our blunders.

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Garet's Chronicle" is an artistic and interesting production doing credit to the girls of St. Margaret's who have editorial positions. Strathroy Collegiate Institute publishes "The Year," which in the fifth issue of the school annual. Distinguished "old boys" whose faces appear are: Peter McArthur, I. B. Lucas, M.P.P., W. J. Hanna, M.P.P., T. C. Robbinette, LL.B., J. M. McEvoy, G. E. James A. Lester, Ph.D. The old town of the Middlesex town has sent out men who have become prominent in the literary and political worlds and "The Year" is doing good work by keeping their enviable records before the boys of to-day. J. G.

The Auto Rubaiyat.

Move!—Or the Devil Red who puts to flight What's before him, to the Left or Right! Will toss you high as Heaven when he strikes Your poor clay carcass with his master-might!

As the Cock crows the "Fiends" who stand before him, The Starting-Point, amid the Stream's wild roar.

Shake hands, make wills, and duly are confess'd.

Lest, once departed, they return no more.

For whether toward Madrid or Washington.

Where by steam or gasoline they run.

Pedestrians keep getting in their way.

Chaffeurs are being slaughtered one by one.

A new Fool's every minute born, you say:

Yes, but where speeds the Fool of Yesterday?

Beneath the Road he sleeps, the Autos roar.

Close o'er his head, but cannot thrill his clay.

Well, let him sleep! For what have ye to do?

With him, who this or anything pursue?

So take swiftness?—Let the Children scream.

Or Constables shout after—heed not you.

Oh ye who anti-auto laws would make

And still insist upon the silly rake.

Get in, and try a spin, and then you'll see

How many fines you will impose—and take!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Tank that cheers,

Nor heed the Law's rebuke, the Rabble's curs.

Quic! For to-morrow you and I may be ourselves with Yesterday's Seven Thousands.

And still insist upon the silly rake.

Beside me, going ninety miles an hour—

On, Turnpike-road were Paradise know!

Ah, Love, could we successfully conspire

To catch this sorry World for our desire.

Would we not shatter it to bits without

So much damage as a busted tire?

With Gasoline my fading Life provide,

And wash my Body in it when I've died.

And lay me shrouded in my Cap and

Cape.

By some not Autoless new Speedway's side.

Yon "Devil" that goes prickling o'er the

Plain.

How oft hereafter will she go again!

How oft hereafter will she seek her prey?

But seek, alas, for one of us in vain!

And when, like her, O Love, you come to take

Your morning spin for Appetite's sweet sake,

And cross the spot where I lie buried,

In memory of me, fling wide the Brake!

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Manitoulin Can Do Her Part

Showing the Good Work Dodd's Kidney Pills are Doing.

Mrs. Thomas Rumley one of the many who Found Health in the great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Silver Water, Manitoulin Island, July 18 (Special).—Every part of Canada seems to be testifying to the good work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing and there is no reason why Manitoulin Island should not do her part. Many a man and woman here blessed them for aches relieved and health restored, like for instance the case of Mrs. Thomas Rumley. She says:

"I doctored for years and did not seem to get any better. It seemed to be my kidneys that was the trouble so I thought I would try Dodd's Kidney Pills and they helped me very much.

"I cannot say how many I have taken, for my house is never without them and whenever I don't feel right I take a few. My husband takes them once in a while. I find them a splendid medicine to have handy."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest family medicine of the age. They can be taken by young or old for perfect safety. They cure all kidney ailments and nine-tenths of the sickness of the present day springs from bad kidneys.

Last New York Excursion of Season.

West Shore Railroad will on August 15 run the last cheap excursion to New York for this season. Tickets \$9.00 return from Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, good 15 days returning, giving privilege of trip on Hudson River steamer between Albany and New York without extra expense. Write Louis Drago, Canadian passenger agent, 69 1/2 Yonge street, Toronto, for full particulars.

Modern medicinal science has agreed that natural remedial agents are most efficacious when properly applied. The "St. Catharine Well" is one of Nature's boons to tired humanity. At "The Welland" Gazette," Haldimand's unique toll undoubtedly deserves the final encomium: "His heart was given to Switzerland, but as a soldier of fortune in foreign service he surpassed in devotion to his chosen profession the majority of those who were fighting for their own country." (The Morang Company, Limited.)

Our Canadian schools are developing an ambition in the character of their publications which is to be commended.

The midsummer number of "St. Mar-



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Two nice rooms on ground floor of "Saturday Night" Building. Terms moderate.
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MRS. L. L. STUART, LADY SUPERINTENDENT
Nervous diseases a specialty.
Patients cared for under their own physicians.
Massage taught—Weir-Mitchell system.
Highest references. Phone—Main 4347.

Nine Million Acres

Government Lands for Homesteaders.
In Western Nebraska, near the Union Pacific Railroad, in sections of 640 acres each for almost nothing. The salubrity of these lands is something remarkable. Distance from railroad is three to thirty miles. There will be a grand rush of homesteaders. This is the last distribution of free homes the United States Government will ever make in Nebraska. Write for pamphlet telling how the lands can be acquired, when entries should be made, and other information. Apply to any Union Pacific agent.

A Wily Writer.

Herbert S. Stone, the Chicago publisher, described at a dinner in Washington the amusing methods of a newspaper writer who used to write letters at six o'clock.

He was once commissioned to do a serial story for a Chicago paper. The story, as it proceeded from week to week, was interesting, but it contained many passages like the following:

"Did you hear him?"

"I did."

"Truly?"

"Where?"



July 18th, 1904.

The United Arts & Crafts,
Toronto.

Dear Sirs:-

I beg to enclose you cheque in settlement of your account for the furnishing and decorating of the Niagara Golf and Tennis Club, and take advantage of this opportunity to express to you our great satisfaction at the manner in which you have done this work. The artistic originality displayed has been very much admired.

Wishing you every success, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Enclosures.

THE EMPORIUM OF Rare Persian Rugs



We have always over 2000 pieces of Rare and Antique Persian Rugs to choose from. It is a great satisfaction to buy an Oriental Rug at our store, as every piece is guaranteed to you genuine hand-made, and their history and characteristics explained by our native salesmen.

Ladies are invited to inspect our new collection of Oriental Kimonos, Maltese and Russian Laces, Embroidered Silk Blouses, Etc., Etc.

Out-of-town orders always given our careful attention.

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LOS ANGELES.

VIAVI

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CONFEDERATION
LIFE BUILDING,
TORONTO,
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St. Monica's Prospectus.

St. Monica's residential and day school for young ladies have issued a very attractive prospectus which they mail to inquirers upon request. The prospectus indicates that St. Monica's is a very beautifully situated and thoroughly equipped institution, with very capable tutors in matriculation work, music and art under the able superintendence of Miss Phillips, the lady principal.

When Anna Gould Entertains.

Whenever the Countess de Castellane digs into the Gould fortune for the purpose of entertaining, she gives Paris something to talk about. Her most recent fete was as sumptuous as those of the past. The Duke and Duchess of Thurn and Taxis were the guests of honor, and the countess stood beside them on a raised platform banked with roses. The best society of Paris bowed before the American hostess and her noble guests, and then retreated in wonderment to study the gown the countess was wearing. Jay Gould's daughter has become a past mistress of the art of dressing, and on this occasion her frock was a marvel. It was a pale yellow chiffon velvet, and the skirt was covered with orchids deftly embroidered. These orchids were outlined in gold threads, and the color scheme of mauve and yellow was unusual. It is said ten women worked on the countess' gown day and night in order to finish the embroidered flowers. The bodice was trimmed with real orchids, and all the Castellane jewels added a further brilliant touch to the orchid costume.

Mistress—If you want eggs to keep them must be laid in a cool place.
Bridget—O'll minton it to the hins at wanst, mum.

6 TICKETS FOR ONE DOLLAR

Good for admittance to the grounds at any time or to the grand stand in the afternoon only during all the

Canadian National
EXHIBITION
TORONTO
NUMBER STRICTLY LIMITED
They can be procured at
any time before SATURDAY,
AUG. 27th
from any authorized agents
throughout the city.

Mistress—if you want eggs to keep them must be laid in a cool place.
Bridget—O'll minton it to the hins at wanst, mum.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock did not leave for Muskoka, as reported. Their little daughter was ill, which changed their intention.

Mrs. and Miss Brouse will spend some time on the Atlantic coast. They leave immediately.

A charming home is almost completed in Crescent road for Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lee, who will move in next month.

Major and Mrs. Mason are home from their bridal trip. They returned last week.

Mr. Thomas H. Stinson of Hamilton is a guest at Hanlan's Hotel.

Mr. Alan Gilmour of Brockville is this week the guest of Mr. Ralph Britton of Gananoque.

Mr. Clarence Kidd of Trinity College School Port Hope has arrived the service of the Imperial Bank at Fergus. He was T. C. S.'s best man at cricket and Rugby, and the school loses a shining light in athletics.

Mr. S. Crawford Richards, one of Winnipeg's very popular young men in social and athletic circles, is to row for Winnipeg in the junior singles and doubles at the Canadian Henley, and after the regatta will spend his vacation in Toronto. Mr. Richards was a member of the Winnipeg Hockey Club's seven which played for the Stanley Cup last winter.

Mr. J. Argue Stinson of Hamilton and Mr. Robert Y. Cory of Halifax are guests at Crusees Island, Muskoka, at Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerer's cottage.

Mr. Adrian Storm Rathbun is spending a prolonged vacation at Deseronto.

Mr. William W. Ferguson of St. Andrews College is at North Bay for his vacation, where he is very popular.

Mr. William Martin, Jr., of Upper Canada College has gone to Winnipeg, and is spending his vacation at Kee-watin on the Lake of the Woods.

Mr. Kenneth L. Patton, who was a guest at Hanlan's Hotel, is spending the next few weeks at Keewatin, Lake of the Woods.

Among the guests recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Miss K. H. Richardson, Miss E. H. Richardson, Mr. W. J. H. Richardson of Whitby, Mr. S. F. Colt, Mrs. S. F. Colt, Mrs. A. M. Finch of Lancaster, N.Y., Mrs. L. Lovelace, Miss Katherine M. Lovelace of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Miss Ormsby of Cortland, N.Y., Katherine M. Chisholm of Pittsburgh, Mrs. M. Chisholm, Miss Chisholm of Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., Mrs. William Hall of Youngstown, N.Y., Mrs. George Bence, Miss Connors, Miss A. T. Tackaberry of New York, Miss A. C. MacDowell of Yonkers, N.Y.; Mrs. Tylee, Mr. G. R. Tylee of Montreal, Mrs. E. P. Smith and daughter of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hook of London, Mrs. George Tylee of Montreal, Mrs. Rich, Miss Edna Tracy of Hamilton, Mrs. Mrs. R. J. Rutledge of Detroit, Mrs. E. W. Schuch, Dr. John A. McCollum, Mr. K. McCollum, Mr. R. Louis Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker, Mrs. Charles Kyle, Mrs. Bickford of Toronto; Miss Macy of England, Mrs. Moran of Chicago, Mr. T. J. McGuire of New York, Mr. R. McGuire of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Miss Irene Louise Ritchie, daughter of the late John Ritchie, Jr., and Mr. Donald Walter Deeks were married Saturday afternoon, July 9, at St. Peter's Church. It was a quiet but very pretty event, witnessed by only a few of the friends of the contracting parties. The bride was given away by an old friend of the family, Mr. James Watt. Her wedding costume was a very pretty one consisting of an Eton suit of cream Doukhobor homespun, opening over a blouse of point d'esprit, in which she looked very charming. Her going-away hat was a white Panama, edged with sapphire and blue panne. Miss Edith Ritchie, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and was prettily attired in blue chiffon with a white lace chapeau to match. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Bertram Deeks. Among the many handsome gifts received by the popular young bride was a splendid diamond and pearl sunburst from the groom. The bride's mother received a beautiful pearl pendant. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Carey Ward, assisted by Rev. St. M. Murphy, pastor of the Immaculate Church, Indianapolis, Ind. The happy couple are spending their honeymoon at Prout's Neck, Me., and other points in the Eastern States. They expect to return in about a week to the Alexandra, where they have taken apartments.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Wilfrid Serrington Dinnick, manager of the Standard Loan Company of Toronto, and Miss Alice Louise Conlin of New York.

Mrs. Z. Burnham, Miss Burnham and Miss Perry of Peterboro' were in the way on Saturday last on their way down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. While in town they were entertained at lunch at the King Edward.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Adelaidé Bannister, youngest daughter of the late Edward Bannister, to Mr. Arthur Dettmers Greene of Sturgeon Falls, Ont., son of Mr. W. A. Greene of Leamington, Ont., was quietly celebrated on Saturday, July 16, in St. Simon's Church by Rev. E. C. Cayley. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. A. Bannister, and the gown of ivory solleme with yoke of silk applique and bertha of accordion pleated chiffon. Her veil was held in place by a handsome pearl lace pin, the gift of the groom, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Florence Bannister, wore a gown of white Persian lawn, with black picture hat, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The groom's gift to the bride was a shiny pearl lace pin, and to the groomsmen, Mr. J. W. McArdle of Markdale, a pearl stick-pin. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the reception held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's mother, was attended only by relatives. Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Greene, parents of the groom, and his sister, Miss M. A. Gilchrist and Miss Jean Bannister.

Mistress—if you want eggs to keep them must be laid in a cool place.
Bridget—O'll minton it to the hins at wanst, mum.

Read "The Cruise o' Cupid" on page 4—an ideal yarn.

of New York, and Mrs. John B. McCulla of Maple Creek, Assinibola, N.W.T., sisters of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Greene left on the 6.30 boat for a trip through the Western States, the bride wearing a becoming suit of pale basket-cloth. Before going to their new home in Sturgeon Falls they will spend a few days with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth, their daughter and Miss McGee, are spending their summer at Grand Metis, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. A. Land are at Burlington for the season. Mr. Land has entirely recovered from his recent severe illness.

Mrs. T. Godson and the Misses Godson are spending the summer in Muskoka.

Applying the Principle.

Ikey—Fader, I hav made a mistake in gifting der schrage to dot last gustomer. I gave him devyndiffe cendots too little. His Father—Vell, Ikey, some vise man has said dot we should try to broft by our mistakes.

Mad Dog.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN," published in 1883, says for the bite of a mad dog: "Take ash-colored, ground liverwort, cleaned, dried and powdered, half an ounce; of black pepper, powdered, a quarter of an ounce. Mix these well together, and divide the powder into four doses, one of which



Remain until the funeral.

must be taken every morning, fasting, for four mornings successively, in half an English pint of cows' milk water. After these four doses are taken, the patient must go into the cold bath, or a cold spring or river, every morning, fasting, for a month. He must be dipped all over, but not stay in (with his head above water) longer than half a minute if the water is very cold. After this he must go in three times a week for a fortnight longer. He must be bled before he begins to take the medicine."

It is very difficult to know just what is the best thing to do when a person is bitten by a mad dog, but my advice would be to kill the dog. After that feel the part of the leg where bitten, and ascertain how serious the injury has been. Then go home and put on another pair of pantaloons, throwing away those that have been lacerated. Parties having but one pair of pantaloons will have to sequester themselves or excite remarks. Then take a cold bath, as suggested above, but do not remain in the bath (with the head under water) more than half an hour.



It only irritates him.

If the head is under water, you may remain in the bath until the funeral, if you think best.

When going into the bath it would be well to take something in your pocket to bite, in case the desire to bite something should overcome you. Some use a common shingle-nail for this purpose, while others prefer a personal friend. In any event, do not bite a total stranger on an empty stomach. It might make you ill.

Never catch a dog by the tail if he has hydrophobia. Although that end of the dog is considered most safe, you never know when a mad dog may reverse himself.

If you meet a mad dog in the street do not try to quell him with a glance of the eye. Many have tried to do that, and it took several days to separate the two and tell which was mad and which was not.

The real hydrophobia dog generally ignores kindness, and devotes himself mostly to the introduction of his justly celebrated virus. A good thing to do on observing the approach of a mad dog is to flee, and remain fled until he has disappeared.

Hunting mad dogs in a crowded street is great sport. A young man with a new revolver shooting at a mad dog is a fine sight. He may not kill the dog, but he might save a couple of little children and possibly get one.

It would be a good plan to have a balloon inflated and tied in the back yard during the season in which mad dogs mature, and get into it on the approach of the infuriated animal.

This plan would not work well, however, in case a cyclone should come at the same time. When we consider all



Remain fled.

the uncertainties of life, and the danger from hydrophobia, cyclones and breach of promise, it seems sometimes as though the prison-house were the only

Summer Resorts

Spend the Summer at Caledonia Springs

Dri k "Mag" Caledonia Water at the Springs, the original and only Caledonia Water shall be up on the earth to cleanse the body of every trace of gout and rheumatism. These famous healing waters are a specific for all forms of Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles and by their wonderful cures during the last 50 years have become known all over North America.

The Grand Hotel
is one of Canada's finest. Newly furnished—equipped with every comfort and convenience. Perfect service and cuisine. Amusements for all. For rates, routes, etc., address—
FREDERIC A. JONES, Manager
Caledonia Springs, Ont.

DELPHI INN...
FIELD'S CROSSING, GEORGIAN BAY
OPENS JUNE 15TH.
Finebeach, bathing, boating, groves, excellent table. Terms, apply
DELPHI INN, Camperdown P.O., ONTARIO

CANADA'S SUMMER HOTEL
The Penetanguishene

On the Famous Georgian Bay, Penetanguishene, Ont.

30 Acres of Beautiful Park
Bowling Green Finest in Canada. Fishing the best in Canadian Waters. Boating Bathing Orchestra.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

British Lion Hotel Bracebridge, Muskoka.
Mrs. Sibbett desires to inform Toronto friends, old and new, that this hotel is now under her sole management. She has made many improvements, and has done to ensure their comfort during the present Summer Vacation Season. Terms \$4.50 to \$10.00 per week. Address Mrs. Sibbett as above, for further details.

ORILLIA on Lakes Couchiching and Simcoe
Canada's Great Summer Resort Town
All the health advantages of the summer town. Fishing, Boating, etc., and only 2½ hours by fast train from Toronto. Good board in hotels and private families. For folder write Board of Trade, Orillia.

A SUMMER HOME
Fern Cottage, Lake Couchiching
First-class accommodation for limited number of guests. Everything clean, fresh, airy, invigorating. Rates \$7 to \$10 per week. Special for party. Write for details to
W. W. MC BAIN, Orillia, Ont.

MILFORD BAY HOUSE Muskoka Lake Ontario. First-class in all its appointments. Modern Sanitary Improvements. Sandy Beach for Bathing. Fine spring of pure water, eradicates malaria. Steam Yacht in connection with hotel. Good Fishing. Furnished Cottages to Let. Boats and Canoes. Hiking. Lawn Tennis, Croquet, Swings, Quoits, etc. Grand Piano. Lit. Acetylene Gas. Room for 100 guests. Terms \$5 to \$10 per week. \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. Write R. Strout, Proprietor, as above, for folder.

Windermere House, Windermere
Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.
Windermere House stands on a fine elevation overlooking Lake Rosseau. It has 200 feet frontage, having been enlarged this year. Wide double verandas surround the house. Large airy rooms. Wide halls. Lit by acetylene gas. Modern sanitary arrangements. Excellent tennis court. New amusement hall. Fine sandy beach for bathing. Rates—\$12 dollars per week. Address THOMAS AITKEN, Proprietor, as above for further details.

Rosslyn Lodge, Bala, Muskoka
Comfortable Private Boarding House. Airy rooms. Excellent table. Good Bathing. Fishing. Tennis. Croquet, etc. Convenient to Post Office and church. Rates, \$5 per week. Write T. Burges, Bala.

Supplies for the Camp and Summer Cottage

Michie & Co.
7 King Street West, Toronto

The kind
C.M.C. HOSE SUPPORTER
that clasps
The clasp
Limit of Laziness.

Two darkies lay sprawled on the levee on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said, "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hundred watermelons."

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum-ya-h! Dad would suddenly be fine. An' ef yo' had a hun'dred watermelons, would yo' git me fifty?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermelons."



THE coming musical season promises to be more notable for the appearance of great solo artists than the last. Announcements are already out that we may expect in Toronto Ysaye, Marteau and the remarkable boy virtuoso, Frank Vessey, representing the violin; Eugen D'Albert, the renowned solo pianist, and possibly Mme. Gadski, the great singer late of the Metropolitan Opera Company. A big musical event which it is hinted will also be a feature of the Toronto season will be a production of Wagner's opera "Parsifal."

The University of Toronto curricula for music for 1904-5 have just been published, and copies can be obtained from the registrar, Mr. James Brebner. The requirements for the different classes of candidates at the local examinations appear for the most part to be very reasonable, presuming that a fair percentage of the possible marks will be demanded.

PHILADELPHUS.

December 10, 1831.

It appears that Paganini visited Bristol just after the riots when upwards of 500 persons were killed by the military, or otherwise suffered. It is recorded that the great fiddler played to half-empty houses. Another interesting exhibit shown was the decorated virginal formerly in the possession of Adam Leveridge, an Englishman, who died in 1696. The instrument first in London. The painting on the case represents the Mall in St. James's Park, with a distant view of Arlington House. The painting, embossing and gilding of the virginal are all as fresh as if they had been recently done. A virginal, it may be remarked, was an oblong spinet, made like an Italian wedding coffer or "cassone." This make of instrument appears to have been adopted by England simultaneously with the "Spinetina traversa"—the ordinary English spinet of Howard, Keens and the Hitchcocks.

The writers of leading articles for the press, like the novelists, make strange mistakes when touching upon musical topics. The following extract is from an editorial in a London newspaper: "The soldier and sailor have good taste, but their taste is not so high—"

"Oh, you want men's hose, do you?" Why didn't you say so in the first place, then? You know I mean high in price, you mean, hateful, old!"

Bliffkin didn't wait to hear the rest of the sentence. He hurried down another aisle as if in a trance, until he found another spinet.

"Hoos!" he muttered hoarsely. "I'm after hoses! Have you got such a thing in this store? And tell me where I can find 'em. No monkey work, now,

young man!"

"Hose? Why, yes, sir; of course we have hose—best in town, too. Right this way—down that aisle to the left. Simpson, you will show this gentleman the different kinds of hose we carry?"

"I'm after hoses! I'm after hoses!" he said affably.

"Hoos!" All right. Guess we can satisfy you. Suppose you want something pretty good; don't pay to get the cheap kind when you get hose. Now, here is an article we can guarantee: comes in forty-foot lengths, and is only six cents a foot, with a nozzle thrown in, and we make you a present of a full repair outfit as well."

"Well, then, young man, I don't want that."

"Well, then, here's something more expensive. Warranted genuine Para rubber all through; won't crack, split, rot or dry out; give you a written guarantee for a year, too; and if it splits anywhere, bring it back and get your money. Costs you ten cents a foot," and Simpson paused to catch his breath.

"I am looking for a—"

"Bargain, eh? Well, here's another grade—biggest bargain in town: used to be twelve cents a foot; marked down to only eight. Cost us more than that; but we bought pretty heavy on this grade, and we're making a special drive in it."

Bliffkin had been trying vainly to get a hearing, when Simpson paused, he thundered out: "See here, you young monkey! Who in Balak said I wanted to get a hose?"

"Why—ah—the floorwalker, sir."

"Yes, that floorwalker has about as many brains as the rest of you infernal idiots in here! You're all a lot of smart Alecks. If you would give me a chance to get in a word edgewise, I would tell you the kind of goods I am looking for. I want a hose; what do you understand?" Can you grasp the idea with its full meaning? Hoses, iron hoses, the kind you use for digging weeds out of the garden—got a long, wooden handle on 'em that you work so fashion—see?"

"Oh, ho, eh? Oh, I see now. Why didn't you say so in the first place, then?"

"Why didn't I say so? Wasn't I trying my best to tell you all the while you were working that mug and shooting off that jaw of yours? Now, if you have got such an article or implement, say so; and if you haven't got it, I'll go where folks know what a man means without all this infernal nonsense!" and Bliffkin glared at the awed clerk like a caged hyena.

The hardware department is down in the basement.

And as Bliffkin tramped heavily down the aisle, he growled to himself: "By thunder! Some folks are the biggest fools on the face of the earth. Women's hose, rubber hose, men's hose! Huh!"

Teacher—Meter means measure. Thus, a gas meter measures gas. Can any one tell me what the meter in poetry measures?

Johnny—Hot air.

Cholly (proudly)—"By Jove! I'm quite a professor of swimming, don't you know? I taught Mabel Gale how to swim in two lessons. Jack—Gad!" That was a quick throw-down.

Frank (indignantly)—What do you mean? Jack—Why, she let me give her ten lessons before she learned.

J. F. JOHNSTONE, C.M.
PIANO, SINGING, THEORY, HARMONY, etc.
Room 5, 20 College Street, Toronto.

CHERUBINO.

A Hunt for Hoes.

"JOHN," remarked Mrs. Bliffkin to her husband, as they stood on the back porch, "do you see how the weeds are coming up all over this back yard? I wish you'd come out here when you get home tonight and pull them up."

"All right," responded Bliffkin, "but I'll have to get a hoe first. We haven't any."

"Well," said Mrs. Bliffkin, "you'd better go into the Cash Department Store when you go down this morning, and get one. I saw some advertised for twenty-three cents in the paper this morning. Now, mind you don't forget it."

He was in the numerous business matters on Bliffkin's mind, he didn't forget about the hoe. He dropped off the car at the Cash Department Store and hurried inside, remarking to him-

self: "I ought to be at the office right now; but I'll take only a minute to get that hoe."

A floorwalker stepped up as Bliffkin looked about. "What department are you looking for, sir?"

"I—ah—do you know hoes?" asked Bliffkin, as he looked about vainly for a sight of the article.

"Hoe? Yes, sir; this way: third aisle to the left. Miss Pilsen, will you please show this gentleman our latest issue of hoses?"

Then the floorwalker hurried away, leaving Bliffkin standing before a pretty young woman, who said: "Something for your wife, I suppose?"

Bliffkin blushed. "I—ah—I—er—I am afraid the floorwalker doesn't understand what I—"

"Of course not! Those floorwalkers are such a stupid lot! Now, let me show you something real swell in little girl's department: hair ribbons and ties all the rage; and we've marked 'em down from a dollar to seventy-one cents. You know we sell more hose than all the rest of the stores in town put together."

"I beg your pardon," began Bliffkin; "but I don't want—"

"Well, perhaps these ribbed varieties will suit your wife better. No? Well, then, here's something swagger in polka dots and colors, and only fifteen cents pair!"

Bliffkin's face grew redder. "Let me tell you—"

"Oh, yes, I suppose you do know what you want better than I do; I was merely suggesting. Well, I can give you the new styles in Richelieu ribbed, or cadet grounds in blue, pink, purple, cerise shades, every tan combination as well, and very taking. We sold a thousand pairs of these—"

"Well, I'll take—"

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"Well, perhaps these ribbed varieties will suit your wife better. No? Well, then, here's something swagger in polka dots and colors, and only fifteen cents pair!"

Bliffkin's face grew redder. "Let me tell you—"

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July 18th, 1904.

The United Arts & Crafts,
Toronto.

Dear Sirs:-

I beg to enclose you cheque in settlement of your account for the furnishing and decorating of the Niagara Golf and Tennis Club, and take advantage of this opportunity to express to you our great satisfaction at the manner in which you have done this work. The artistic originality displayed has been very much admired.

Wishing you every success, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Enclosures.

THE EMPORIUM OF Rare Persian Rugs



We have always over 2000 pieces of Rare and Antique Persian Rugs to choose from. It is a great satisfaction to buy an Oriental Rug at our store, as every piece is guaranteed to you genuine hand-made, and their history and characteristics explained by our native salesmen.

Ladies are invited to inspect our new collection of Oriental Kimonos, Maltese and Russian Laces, Embroidered Silk Blouses, Etc., Etc.

Out-of-town orders always given our careful attention.

Courian, Babayan & Co. (CANADA'S EXCLUSIVE ORIENTAL STORE.)

40 King Street East TORONTO
WINNIPEG LOS ANGELES.

St. Monica's Prospectus.

St. Monica's residential and day school for young ladies have a very fine prospectus which they mail to inquirers upon request. The prospectus indicates that St. Monica's is a very beautifully situated and thoroughly equipped institution, with very capable tutors in matriculation work, music and art under the able superintendence of Miss Phillipps, the lady principal.

When Anna Gould Entertains.

Whenever the Countess de Castellan digs into the Gould fortune for the purpose of entertaining, she gives Paris something to talk about. Her most recent fete was as sumptuous as those of the past. The Duke and Duchess of Thurn and Taxis were the guests of honor, and the countess stood beside them on a raised platform banked with roses. The best society of Paris bowed before the American hostess and her noble guests, and then retreated in wonderment to study the gown the countess was wearing. Jay Gould's daughter has become a past mistress of the art of dressing, and on this occasion her frock was a marvel. It was a pale yellow chiffon velvet, and the skirt was covered with orchids deftly embroidered. These orchids were out of the ordinary, and the color scheme of mauve and yellow was unusual. It is said ten women worked on the countess's gown day and night in order to finish the embroidered flowers. The bodice was trimmed with real orchids, and all the Castellane jewels added a further brilliant touch to the orchid costume.

Mistress—if you want eggs to keep them must be laid in a cool place. Bridget—O'll minton it to the hins at wanst, num.

VIAVI

THE
TORONTO VIAVI CO.SUITE L
CONFEDERATION
LIFE BUILDING,
TORONTO,
CAN.

PHONE — MAIN 3049.

6 TICKETS FOR ONE DOLLAR

Good for admittance to the grounds at any time or to the grand stand in the afternoon only during all the

Canadian National EXHIBITION TORONTO NUMBER STRICTLY LIMITED

They can be procured at any time before SATURDAY,
AUG. 27th
from any authorized agents throughout the city.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock did not leave for Muskoka, as reported. Their little daughter was ill, which changed their intention.

Mrs. and Miss Brouse will spend some time on the Atlantic coast. They leave immediately.

A charming home is almost completed in Crescent road for Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lee, who will move in next month.

Major and Mrs. Mason are home from their bridal trip. They returned last week.

Mr. Thomas H. Stinson of Hamilton is a guest at Hanlan's Hotel.

Mr. Alan Gilmour of Brockville is this week the guest of Mr. Ralph Britton of Gananoque.

Mr. Clarence Kidd of Trinity College School, Port Hope, has entered the service of the Imperial Bank at Peterborough. He was T. C. S.'s best man at cricket and Rugby, and the school loses a shining light in athletics.

Mr. S. Crawford Richards, one of Winnipeg's very popular young men in social and athletic circles, is to row for Winnipeg in the junior singles and doubles at the Canadian Henley, and after the regatta will spend his vacation in Toronto. Mr. Richards was a member of the Winnipeg Hockey Club's seven which played for the Stanley Cup last winter.

Mr. J. Argue Stinson of Hamilton and Mr. Robert Y. Cory of Halifax are guests at Cruesoe Island, Muskoka, at Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar's cottage.

Mr. Adrian Storm Rathbun is spending a prolonged vacation at Deseronto.

Mr. William W. Ferguson of St. Andrews College is at North Bay for his vacation, where he is very popular.

Mr. William Martin, Jr., of Upper Canada College has gone to Winnipeg, and is spending his vacation at Keeewatin on the Lake of the Woods.

Mr. Kenneth L. Patton, who was a guest at Hanlan's Hotel, is spending the next few weeks at Keeewatin, Lake of the Woods.

Among the guests recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Miss K. H. Richardson, Miss E. H. Richardson, Mr. W. J. H. Richardson of Whitby, Mr. S. F. Colt, Mrs. S. F. Colt, Mrs. A. M. Finch of Lancaster, N.Y., Mrs. F. L. Lovelace, Miss Katherine Lovelace of New York, Mrs. Y. Miss Ormsby of Cortland, N.Y., Katherine Ormsby of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. A. M. Chidester, Miss Chidester of Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., Mrs. William Hall of Youngstown, N.Y., Mrs. George Bence, Miss Connors, Miss A. T. Tackaberry of New York, Miss A. C. MacDowell of Yonkers, N.Y.; Mrs. Tylee, Mr. G. R. Tylee of Montreal, Mrs. E. P. Smith and daughter of Buffalo, Mrs. M. Howard of London, Mrs. George M. Rloch, Miss Margaret Rloch, Miss Edna Travy of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rutledge of Detroit, Mrs. E. W. Schuch, Dr. John A. McCollum, Mr. K. McCollum, Mr. R. Louis Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker, Mrs. Charles Kyle, Mrs. Bickford of Toronto; Miss Macy of England, Mrs. Moran of Chicago, Mr. T. J. McGuire of New York, Mr. T. McGuire of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Miss Irene Louise Ritchie, daughter of the late John Ritchie, Jr., and Mr. Donald Walter Deeks were married Saturday afternoon, July 9, at St. Peter's Church. It was a quiet but very pretty event, witnessed by only a few of the friends of the contracting parties. The bride was given away by an old friend of the family, Mr. James McLean. Her wedding dress was a very pretty one consisting of an Eton suit of cream Doukhobor homespun, opening over a blouse of point d'esprit, in which she looked very charming. Her going-away hat was a white Panama, edged with sapphire and blue panne. Miss Edith Ritchie, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and was prettily attired in blue chiffon voile over white, with white tulip chapeau to match. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Bertram Deeks. Among the many handsome gifts received by the popular young bride was a splendid diamond and pearl sunburst from the groom. The bridesmaid received a beautiful pearl pendant. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Carey Ward, assisted by Rev. H. S. Musson, rector of Holy Innocents' Church, Indianapolis, Indiana. The happy couple are spending the honeymoon at Prout's Neck, Me., and other points in the Eastern States. They expect to return in about a week to Alexandra, where they have taken apartments.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Wilfrid Servington Dinnick, manager of the Standard Loan Company of Toronto, and Miss Alice Louise Conlin of New York.

Mrs. Z. Burnham, Miss Burnham and Miss Perry of Peterboro' were in the city on Saturday last on their way down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. While in town they were entertained at lunch at the King Edward.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Adelaine Bannister, youngest daughter of the late Edward Bannister, to Mr. Arthur Dettmers Green of Sturges Falls, Ont., son of Mr. W. A. Greene of Leamington, Ont., was quietly celebrated on Saturday, July 16, in St. Simon's Church by Rev. E. C. Cayley. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. J. E. A. Bannister, and wore a gown of ivory orgeline, with yoke of silk applique and bertha of accordion pleated chiffon. Her veil was held in place by a handsome pearl lace pin the gift of the bridegroom, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Florence Bannister, wore a gown of white Persian lawn, with black picture hat, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a dainty pearl lace pin, and to the groomsman, Mr. J. W. McArdle of Markdale, a pearl stick-pin. Owing to the recent death of the bride's mother, the reception held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's mother, was attended only by relatives. Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Greene, parents of the groom, and his sister, Miss May Greene of Leamington, Ont.; Mrs. C. A. Gilchrist and Miss Jean Bannister.

Mistress—if you want eggs to keep them must be laid in a cool place. Bridget—O'll minton it to the hins at wanst, num.

Read "The Cruise o' Cupid" on page 4—an ideal yarn.

of New York, and Mrs. John B. McCulla of Maple Creek, Assinibina, N.W.T., sisters of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Greene left on the 6.30 boat for a trip through the Western States, the bride wearing a becoming suit of pale green broket-cloth. Before going to their new home in Sturgeon Falls they will spend a few days with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth, their daughter and Miss McGee, are spending their summer at Grand Metis, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. A. Land are at Burlington for the season. Mr. Land has entirely recovered from his recent severe illness.

Mrs. T. Godson and the Misses Godson are spending the summer in Muskoka.

Applying the Principle.

Ikey—Fader, I hav made a mistake in gifting der scharge to dot last gustomer. I gave him dvendy-cent cents too little. His Father—Well, Ikey, some wise man has said do ve should try to profit by our mistakes.

Mad Dog.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN," published in 1883, says, for the bitten of a mad dog: "Take ash-colored ground, lavender, cleaned, dried and powdered, half an ounce; of black pepper, powdered, a quarter of an ounce. Mix these well together, and divide the powder into four doses, one of which



Remain until the funeral.

must be taken every morning, fasting, for four mornings successively in half an English pint of cow's milk, warm. After these four doses are taken, the patient must go into the cold bath, or a cold spring or river, every morning, fasting, for a month. He must be dipped all over, but not stay in (with his head above water) longer than half a minute if the water is very cold. After this he must go in three times a week for a fortnight longer. He must be bled before he begins to take the medicine.

It is very difficult to know just what is the best thing to do when a person is bitten by a mad dog, but my advice would be to kill the dog. After that feel the part of the leg where bitten, and ascertain how serious the injury has been. Then go home and put on another pair of pantaloons, throwing away those that have been lacerated. Parties having but one pair of pantaloons will have to sew themselves up again. Then take a cold bath, as suggested above, but do not remain in the bath (with the head under water) more than half an hour.

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If the head is under water, you may remain in the bath until the funeral, if you think best.

When going into the bath it would be well to take something in your pocket to bite, in case the desire to bite something should overcome you. Some use a common shingle-nail for this purpose, while others prefer a personal friend. In any event, do not bite a total stranger on an empty stomach. It might catch you ill.

Never catch a dog by the tail if he has hydrophobia. Although that end of the dog is considered most safe, you never know when a mad dog may reverse himself.

If you meet a mad dog in the street do not try to quell him with glances of the eye. Many have tried to do that, and it took several days to separate the two and tell which was mad dog and which was queer.

The real hydrophobic dog generally ignores kindness, and devotes himself mainly to the introduction of his justly celebrated vices. A good thing to do on observing the approach of a mad dog is to flee, and remain fled until he has disappeared.

Hunting mad dogs in a crowded street is great sport. A young man with a new revolver shooting at a mad dog is a fine sight. He may not kill the dog, but he might shoot into a covey of little children and possibly get one.

It would be a good plan to have a balloon inflated and tied in the back yard during the season in which mad dogs mature, and get it in the approach of the infuriated animal.

This plan would not work well, however, in case a cyclone should come at the same time. When we consider apartments.

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You are sure to
need a

Flask and Drinking Cup

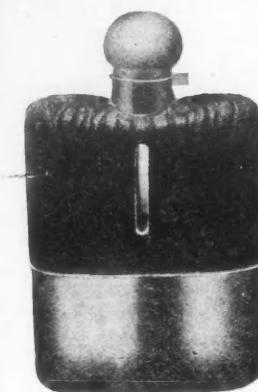
this Summer.

We have the largest stock in Canada to choose from.

Drinking Cups

In glass and metal.

Avoid using the glass or cup at a public drinking fountain. We sell every conceivable style. Prices—25c. up to 3.00.



Flasks

When traveling it is a good plan to carry liquor of some kind. You never know when you will need it.

Leather covered from 35c. up to 5.00.
Metal covered from 2.50 up to 4.00.

Our Catalogue "S" is worth sending for, it illustrates beautifully the Travelling and Leather Goods we make.

We pay Ontario Express charges.

The Julian Sale

Leather Goods Co.,
Limited

105 King St. West, Toronto.

ROGERS—97 YONGE ST.—ROGERS

Special Values IN Brass Bedsteads

We have just placed on sale two lots of high-class metallic bedsteads and children's cribs, comprising the exhibits of two prominent makers at the recent Furniture Trade Exposition. Needless to say every bedstead in the lot is first-class in construction and finish. We obtained them on very favorable terms and have marked the prices "close" for fast selling.

The Rogers Furniture Co.
Limited
97 YONGE STREET

CHAS. POTTER - - 85 YONGE ST.
Spectacle Department.

Broken Lenses Replaced at Potter's

During your holidays at the lakeside or in the country you may easily break your spectacles or eye-glasses, or may even lose your glasses altogether—and you may for the moment forget the name and address of **Potter**.

These lines are printed to remind you that the house of Potter is doing business throughout the heated term and is ready to give you the finest service whether you are at home or abroad. His Majesty's mails will quickly carry your packages to and from your present abode.

C. B. PETRY, Proprietor.

Judges, Lawyers, Doctors, Ministers and especially the Ladies are delighted with

MRS. MEYER'S FISH MEALS...

served daily at the Lake Shore Parlors at Sunnyside. For particulars, telephone to Park 905.

Rustic (to conductor)—Which end of the car do I get off? Conductor (politely)—Either you prefer; both ends stop!

Deodorizethe Sk in

Get rid of that unpleasant odor of perspiration by taking a Turkish Bath at Cook's. A Turkish Bath removes the decomposing tissue deposited on the skin by profuse perspiration in a way that no ordinary bath can accomplish.

It cleanses the skin. Ladies' days Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9:30 to 12 a.m., closing at 2 p.m. Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during the day, or all night, including bed, \$1.00.

Cook's Turkish Baths

202-204 King Street West, Toronto

CARNAHAN'S PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORES

Only graduated Druggists employed. Prescriptions promptly delivered to any part of the city.

W. J. A. & H. CARNAHAN,
Carlton and Church, & East Toronto
Telephone Main 2196 and Beach 18.

UNITARIAN CHURCH

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., Minister.

Church closed for vacation. Services resumed the first Sunday in September.

Books and pamphlets and books may be obtained at Vannevar's, 438 Yonge St. For Unitarian pamphlets and other literature, free, apply to Mrs. E. D. Thompson, 308 Jarvis street.



SOCIETY

THE engagement of Mr. John Young Reid of Toronto and Miss Georgia Robinson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Robinson of Winnipeg, is announced.

The Misses Shephard of Buffalo, who have been visiting Mrs. Staunton in North street, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. William Jennings and his son have taken Mr. Harry Grantham's house in Albany avenue for the summer.

Mr. A. R. Creelman and the Misses Isabel and Marion Creelman have gone to the west coast. Miss Jennings came from Montreal to town on a short visit last week.

Mr. Herbert E. Roaf of Liverpool is at the St. George.

Miss Nora Denison, who has been visiting friends in Toronto, left on Thursday for her home in Winnipeg. Her engagement to Mr. Douglas McMurray was announced before she left.

Lady Gzowski is expected home today or tomorrow. I see by the papers that the transfer of the Gzowski home in Bathurst street will take place on October 1, when the city will enter into possession.

Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick continues to make most satisfactory progress to complete recovery from an operation for appendicitis. He is still at Closeburn, being nursed by Lady Kirkpatrick, who has certainly earned a diploma in this invaluable accomplishment.

The verandah tea is in free swing not only in the homes where city folks like to linger, but in the less secluded Island residences which give upon the noble Ontario, or nestle amid trees on side avenues. The modern summer home is not complete without its set of furniture for these pretty functions, and a new fad gives tables decked especially with views of sea or mountain on the breakwater is Mrs. Ross Gooderham's, where the young hostess and her delightful guest, Miss Begge, are most hospitable. Strollers are apt to miss a graceful hostess near by, Mrs. Warren, who is now abroad, but instead welcome an old friend at "Breakwater," Mrs. McMurray.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cassells have gone over to their Island residence near the Sick Children's Hospital. Mrs. Vincent Hughes and her little son went over for a visit to Mrs. Cassells on Thursday.

Mrs. and Miss Sybil Seymour have not, I am informed, gone to Port Hope, as was announced last week, but to Windermere, Muskoka, an unsigned note to that effect having reached me by post.

The engagement of Mr. W. R. Neilson of Orillia and Miss H. E. Lynn of Toronto is announced.

This afternoon there will be rowing races and a matinee dansante at the Argonaut Club, beginning at 3 o'clock, for which invitations were sent out earlier in the week. The cards limit the festivities to nine o'clock, but the clubhouse is a place to "linger-longer" in, as was evidenced last month at the first of the three popular hops of the season. Mr. A. C. Bedford-Jones is secretary-treasurer, and the committee promise good races and excellent music for the dancers.

Lady Meredith has gone, as usual, to Scarborough Beach, Maine, for the summer, taking with her the pretty fiancee of her tall son, Miss Helmuth of London Park.

Canon and Mrs. MacNab have gone to Cacouna for a month's holiday.

The first polo game of the season was played at Sunlight Park on Wednesday between the Freebooters' team of Calgary and the Toronto Hunt Club team.

Miss G. M. M. Rose sailed from New York on the "Cedric" on Friday for a three months' sojourn abroad. On her return Miss Rose and her mother, who is living in New York, will take up their residence in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Ecclestons of Spencer ave. gave a very delightful lawn party on Friday evening to a number of their friends. The grounds were beautifully decorated with flags and Chinese lanterns, and an abundance of pink climbing roses and crimson ramblers gave a very brilliant effect.

An orchestra, stationed on the back verandah, added very much to the pleasure of the evening. An interesting feature of the evening was a short history of the recent trip to Jerusalem by Messrs. McCutcheon and Sparrow, which was appreciated by all present. Dr. Malcolm Sparrow sang in his usual finished and happy style several selections, among others one of the songs given by Melba on her last visit to Toronto. Light refreshments were served from a tent on the lawn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Smallpiece have returned to Montreal after a month's visit to Mrs. Smallpiece's father, Mr. Logan, Deputy Warden, Central Prison Park.

Miss Mae Dickenson of 607 Sherbourne street is visiting Mrs. G. E. Baker, Florence Island, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor and Mrs. R. J. Fleming have left for Cape May, N.J.

Mrs. D. A. Thompson of New York City, who will be remembered in musical circles here as Miss Bertha Kelly, and Miss Eva Nathan of Montreal are the guests of Mrs. N. L. Martin of Cowan avenue.

Mrs. Gladys Murton of Oshawa are at Windermere, Muskoka.

Mr. A. Warren Lamour has been transferred from Ottawa to the Toronto office of the Bank of Commerce.

Mrs. F. H. Herbert and family of Herwood Lodge, Rosedale, left on Friday last to spend the summer at Hutton House, Muskoka Lake.

Mrs. MacIntyre, who has for eight years, since the death of Principal MacIntyre, D.D., sustained the onerous duties of Principal of the Presbyterian

Ladies' College, recently disposed of the school and gave up all connection of utter devotion to her work, and the prosperity of the college is the best tribute to her capability. Mrs. MacIntyre will now enjoy a well-earned leisure time and will shortly take a tour in the Old World.

All the Same.

"I HAVE a suggestion to make," St. Peter's chief secretary stood respectfully just inside the gate, as that Venerable Being sat and kept tabs on the latest arrivals.

"Your suggestions," said St. Peter, "are always good, and I shall listen to this one with pleasure. Hello! What's this?"

"One hundred and ten people killed in a railroad accident," announced the doorkeeper.

"Show 'em right in," replied St. Peter. "I'll take care of them in one moment. What were you about to say?" he added to the chief secretary.

"Owing to our present crowded conditions," said the secretary, "it seems advisable to make some better classification than—"

"Eighty-five people killed in one day by automobiles," announced the doorkeeper.

"All right," said St. Peter. "Let 'em wait a minute."

"Than at present," continued the chief secretary. "You see they are all kind of mixed up, every man and woman having a heterogeneous crowd—I."

"Eight hundred women and children roasted in a theater," announced the doorkeeper.

"Very well," said St. Peter. "Don't let them block the entrance. Have them stand aside a few moments until I get this idea. Go on, Mr. Secretary."

"I was about to say," said the chief secretary, "what we ought to do to classify the people of each nation by themselves. They are more at home with each other, they speak the same tongue and they have the same reminiscences."

"Twelve hundred people sunk in an excursion steamer," announced the doorkeeper. "Also a few odd souls killed by falling buildings, crossing streets, running over by trolley and hurt by dynamite."

"All right, all right," replied St. Peter. "Put 'em with the rest. Your idea," he said, turning again to the chief secretary, "is excellent. System is what we want. Each country by itself. You can begin at once by allotting space to this crowd that has just arrived."

The chief secretary bowed.

"Very well," he replied. "But they are not all from one country, are they?"

"Sure," said St. Peter. "I haven't examined them personally, but I know from the nature of the deaths that they must be from the United States."

"Life."

Not the Same Kind.

The anxious mother rings up what she thinks is the day nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. She asks the central for the nursery, and is given Mr. Gottfried Gluber, the florist and tree dealer. The following conversation ensues:

"I called up the nursery. Is this the nursery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am so worried about my little Rose."

"What seems to be der madder?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a general listlessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing righd, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Vell, I dell you wat you do. You dake der skissors und cut apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und—"

"I say, dake der skissors und cut apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und den turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der morning—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der morning, und den pile a lot of plach dirt all around, und shpringle mit insetg powter all ofer der tor."

"Sis-r-i-p?"

"Shpringle mit insetg powter all ofer der tor. You know usually id is nodding but bugs dot—"

"How dare you? What do you mean by such language?"

"Noddings but bugs dot chenerally causes der troubles; und den you vant to wash der rose mit a liquid preparations I haf for sale—"

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"

"Gottfried Gluber, der florist."

"Gott-oh-oh!" weakly. "Good-bye!"

"Buffalo Express."

End of the Game.

It was his move.

He made it, captured a pawn, and announced:

"Mate!"

"I see," she pouted. "But you had the advantage of a bishop."

"Some day, Bella," he whispered, pursuing the advantage, "may I mate you with the assistance of just a common preacher?"

After which there was no more chess playing.

The editor of an English paper recently offered a fine chicken, which he, supposing it to be a token of appreciation from a discriminating reader, took home and enjoyed for dinner. The following day he received this letter:

"Dear Editor—Yesterday I sent you a chicken in order to settle a dispute which has arisen here. Can you tell us what the chicken died of?"

One afternoon little Johnny happened to look up and see the moon, and as he had never seen it before in the daytime, he ran into the house and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I've got a good joke on God!" "Why, what do you mean, dear?" asked the astonished mother. "How forgot to take the moon in this morning," explained John. —Ex.

Francis—On Wednesday, July 20th, 1904, by Rev. John Pearson Arthur Forbes Barclay to Edith Grace Louise Sinclair, daughter of Mrs. John Sinclair, both of Toronto.

Greene—Bannister—On Saturday, July 16th, 1904, at St. Simon's Church, Toronto, the reverend Rev. E. C. Greene—Arthur Detmers Greene of St. George Falls, Ont., to Jessie Adelaide, youngest daughter of Mrs. Edward Bannister, Toronto.

Hendry—McKeith—July 16, Streetsville, Christina Wright McKeith to James H. Hendry.

Deaths

Francis—On Wednesday, July 20th, Elizabeth Geilatty, widow of the late Guy Williams Francis, Ph.D., of Baltimore, Md.

Block—July 16, Port Credit